

No. 20

FEB.
10c

AMAZING-MAN COMICS



AMAN

in a RAGING
BATTLE OF WITS
with the
GREAT QUESTION
CRUSHES THE 5th
COLUMN



IRON SKULL

CRASHES THROUGH
SOLID STEEL
in a
Hurricane of Power



MINIMIDGET

who can go
through a keyhole
FIGHTS A
MAD SCIENTIST



THE SHARK

GOES TO A FIRE
through the
NOZZLE OF A HOSE



DR. HYPNO

In an animal's brain
listens to
SECRET PLOTS



MIGHTY MAN

FIRST A MIDGET
THEN A GIANT
Nothing Can Stop
HIM



AND OTHERS

Centaur (1939 Series); Feb 1941; 68 pages.

A cover-to-cover presentation brought to you from the following sources:

- paper scans of 53 pages from the copy in the collection of JVJ, scanned by narfstarr.
- fiche copies of 13 pages from Darkmark's presentation of the book,
- scans of the front and back covers from Heritage. Thanks to all for making this possible.

Edited and
compiled by
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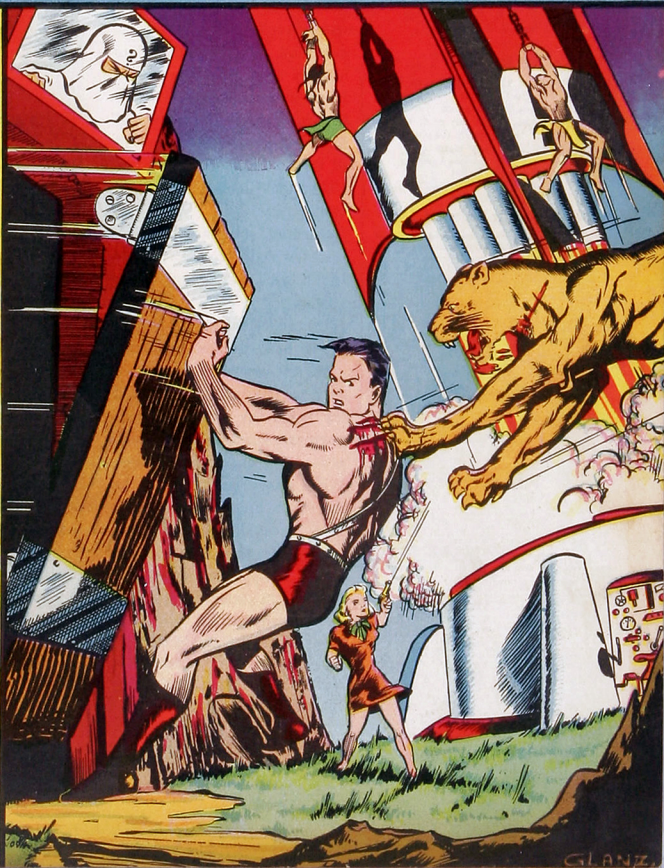
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Imagine

A Space Ship as big as an Ocean Liner stalled in space for a thousand years with only a girl aboard! And she didn't grow old because there was no gravity! That's just one of the stories in the new February issue of:

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"The SPACEAN"—the only newspaper now published of the year 2,008 A. D.—with news and gossip about the explorers of the planets, Jupiter and Mars, and Venus and Neptune, Pluto and Mercury. You'll find it in every issue of:

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF AMAZING MAN COMICS, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1940.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, Notary Public in and for the State of New York, personally appeared Joseph J. Hardie, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the AMAZING MAN COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Joseph J. Hardie, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, George A. Weaver, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Raymond J. Kelly, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the name and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Corporation of America, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Joseph J. Hardie, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Raymond J. Kelly, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.; E. L. Angel, 215 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOSEPH J. HARDIE, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1940.

HERTA M. HOLCEPL, Notary Public.
Kings County Clerk's No. 337, Register's No. 1009
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 15, Register's No. 1111
Commission expires March 30, 1941

STAMPS

THE stamp collector who saved issues for future investment, and will put them away until the present war is over, will find that he was quite wise.

In the past twenty years postage stamps have been discovered to be a good investment. The present war, which flared over Europe put a stop to much collecting; and the destruction which resulted has already lost to the future many important issues. When the war is over, and the world finds peace once more, many of these stamps from 1914 to 1939 should be found to be of value.

Airmail stamps especially, commemoratives, too, will be found to be increasingly valuable.

Of course the stamp investor is now in the doldrums since the war has interfered with his pursuit. But he should lay aside the stamps he has acquired, for investment purposes, and even forget them. When peace dawns over the world again, and he digs up his array, he will discover many worthwhile items!

The writer of this page has invested in stamps in the past with good profits. So have others. The war means that we must forego our experiences for the time being. But do not destroy your special collections! Commemorative stamps, in many instances,



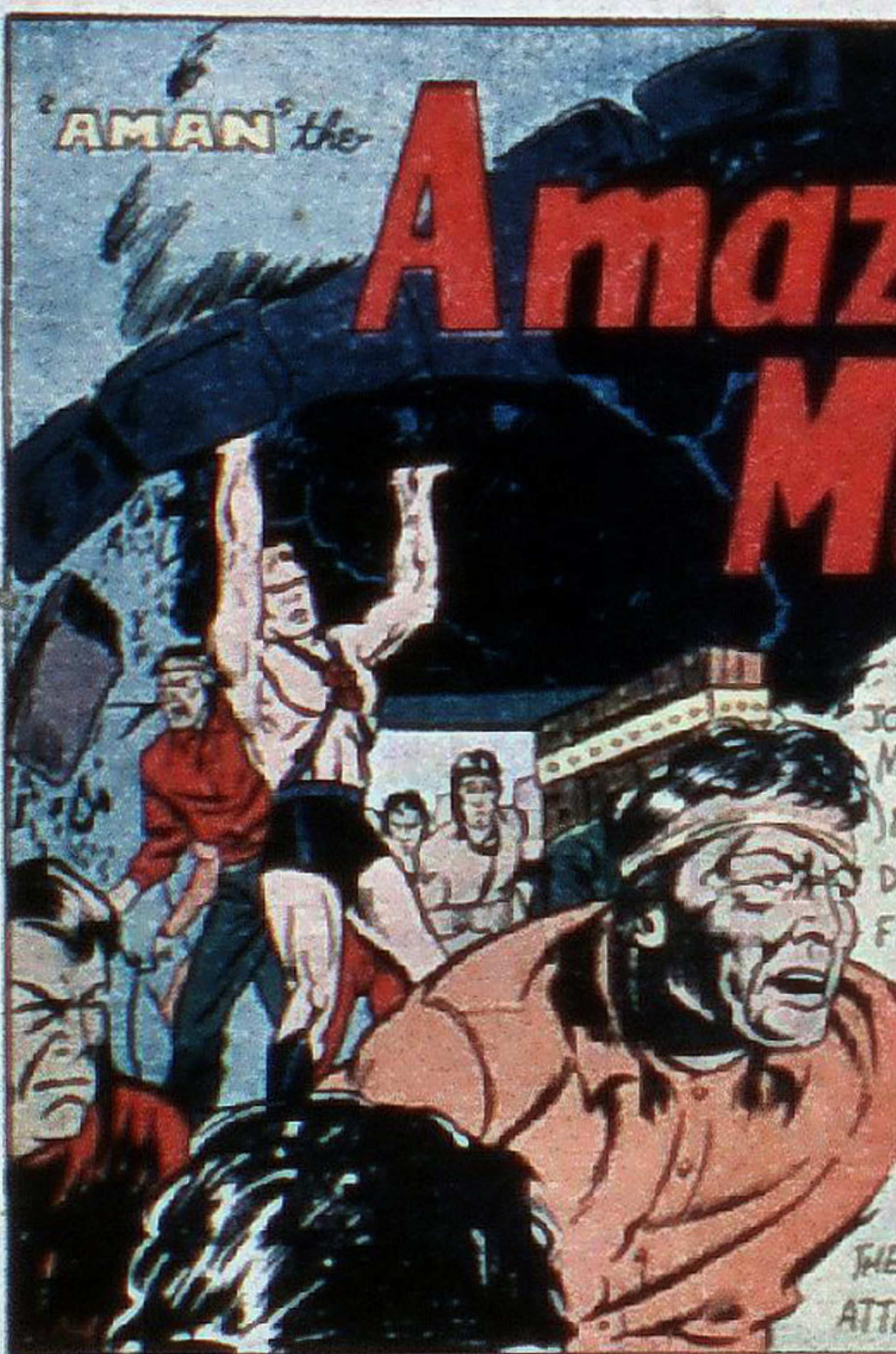
are going to command good prices.

The illustration on this page is from France. It is a card mailed from the birthplace of the author of the French national anthem, *Rouget de Lisle*. The card shows the statue in his honor, mailed upon his centenary; and it was posted with a French stamp commemorating de Lisle, and showing the soldier as a part of this same statue. Such material is not common; the postmark marks the commemoration, and possessors of such items own a really interesting and somewhat valuable souvenir.

The stamp was issued in 1936; de Lisle's home town was Lons-le-Saunier, where the card was mailed that year on the occasion of the anniversary.

AMAN the

Amazing-Man



JOHN AMAN, THE AMAZING-MAN, KNOWN ALSO AS THE "GREEN MIST" BECAUSE OF HIS ABILITY TO DESOLVE INTO A MIST AT WILL. FIGHTS CRIME WITH HIS MANY POWERS. HE IS ASSISTED BY ZONA HENDERSON, HIS ARCH ENEMY IS A MAN OF EVIL POWERS KNOWN AS THE GREAT QUESTION, WE FIND THE AMAZING-MAN AND ZONA ATTENDING A LECTURE WHICH—

IS SIGNIFICANT BECAUSE OF RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN MYSTERIOUS ROCKET LANDINGS. JUST BEFORE THE LECTURE AMAN IS APPROACHED BY AN INDIAN.

YOU MISTER AMAN, UGH? ME LIKE SPEAK WITH YOU!

SURE GO AHEAD!

HES----- HE'S BEEN SHOT!

UGH!!

AMAN TRIES TO GET THE KILLER BUT THE CROWD CUTS HIM OFF ----- THE KILLER ESCAPES.



THE POLICE ARRIVE.
IF THIS CARD
WAS MAILED TO HIM,
HE WAS JIM GRAYBURN
OF LE PAZ!

LE PAZ?

I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO CATCH
THE KILLER!

NO, HE'S PRO-
BABLY A HIRED GUNMAN,
I'M FLYING TO LA PAZ - IT'S
NEAR GIANT CANYON WHERE
THAT ROCKET FELL
THE OTHER DAY,
THERE'S SOME CON-
NECTION!

AT DAWN NEXT MORNING AMAN
AND ZONA LAND ON A FIELD
OUTSIDE OF LE PAZ!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME
ZONA, CAN'T TELL WHAT
WILL HAPPEN OUT HERE



WANT A RIDE INTER-
TOWN FOLKS?

SURE THING.
MISTER! HOP
IN ZONA!



I WONDER WHAT'S
UP? THESE PEOPLE ARE
EXCITED ABOUT SOME-
THING!



WHAT'S GOING ON MISTER!

ANOTHER ROCKET WITH TWO
INDIANS FELL SIX MILES
FROM TOWN, THIRD ONE THIS
WEEK, DON'T KNOW WHERE
THEY COME FROM



LATER AT THE SCENE OF
THE WRECK!

ONE OF THE INDIANS WAS
ALREADY DEAD AN' THE
OTHER ONE DIED BEFORE HE
COULD SAY
ANYTHING!



THE AMAZING-MAN IS FACED
WITH THE DEEPEST MYSTERY
OF HIS CAREER! SEEMINGLY
FROM NOWHERE, THE ROCKETS
HAVE BEEN FALLING TO EARTH
BEARING THE BODIES OF DEAD
INDIANS



BACK IN LE PAZ, AMAN SEEKS INFORMATION ABOUT JIM GREYBULL, THE INDIAN WHO WAS SHOT WHEN HE APPROACHED HIM BACK IN THE CITY



YEP JIM USED TO WORK ON JEFF SCROGGIN'S RANCH, BUT I HEARD HE LEFT!

THANKS!

AT SCROGGIN'S RANCH



YES SIR, JIM LEFT MYSTERIOUSLY. I'M USED TO THAT THOUGH. I CAN'T KEEP INDIAN RANCH HANDS, THEY JUST LEAVE - DISAPPEAR!

NICE RANCH YOU'VE GOT, MISTER SCROGGIN. MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?

NO!

AMAN LEAVES ZONA IN TOWN

SUDDENLY WHAT THE...

DON'T BE AFRAID, IT'S A PET PUMA! BELONGED TO ONE OF THE INDIANS



SINCE YOU SAY YOU'RE A DETECTIVE YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE IT'S GETTIN' DARK!

THANKS, I THINK I WILL!



I CAN'T HELP THINKING THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THAT PUMA AND THAT ROCKET BUSINESS!

THAT NIGHT WHEN EVERYONE'S ASLEEP

NOW, NOW, KITTY, SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU BUT I'M NOT CAT FOOD!



THE PUMA SPRINGS AT AMAN, BUT AMAN DOESN'T SEE THE GREEN LIGHT.



ALL RIGHT.
GET IT OVER
WITH, I WANT
TO SEE IF YOU DO
ANY NIGHT TRAVEL-
ING



AMAN'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT.
THE GIANT CAT STARTS OUT
ACROSS THE PRAIRIE!



LATER! MUST BE
A HOLE BEHIND THOSE
BUSHES. I'M GOING
TO FOLLOW HIM
IN!!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE NOISE
REACHES THE SUPER-KEEN
EARS OF THE AMAZING-MAN
AND HE SEES A FAINT LIGHT

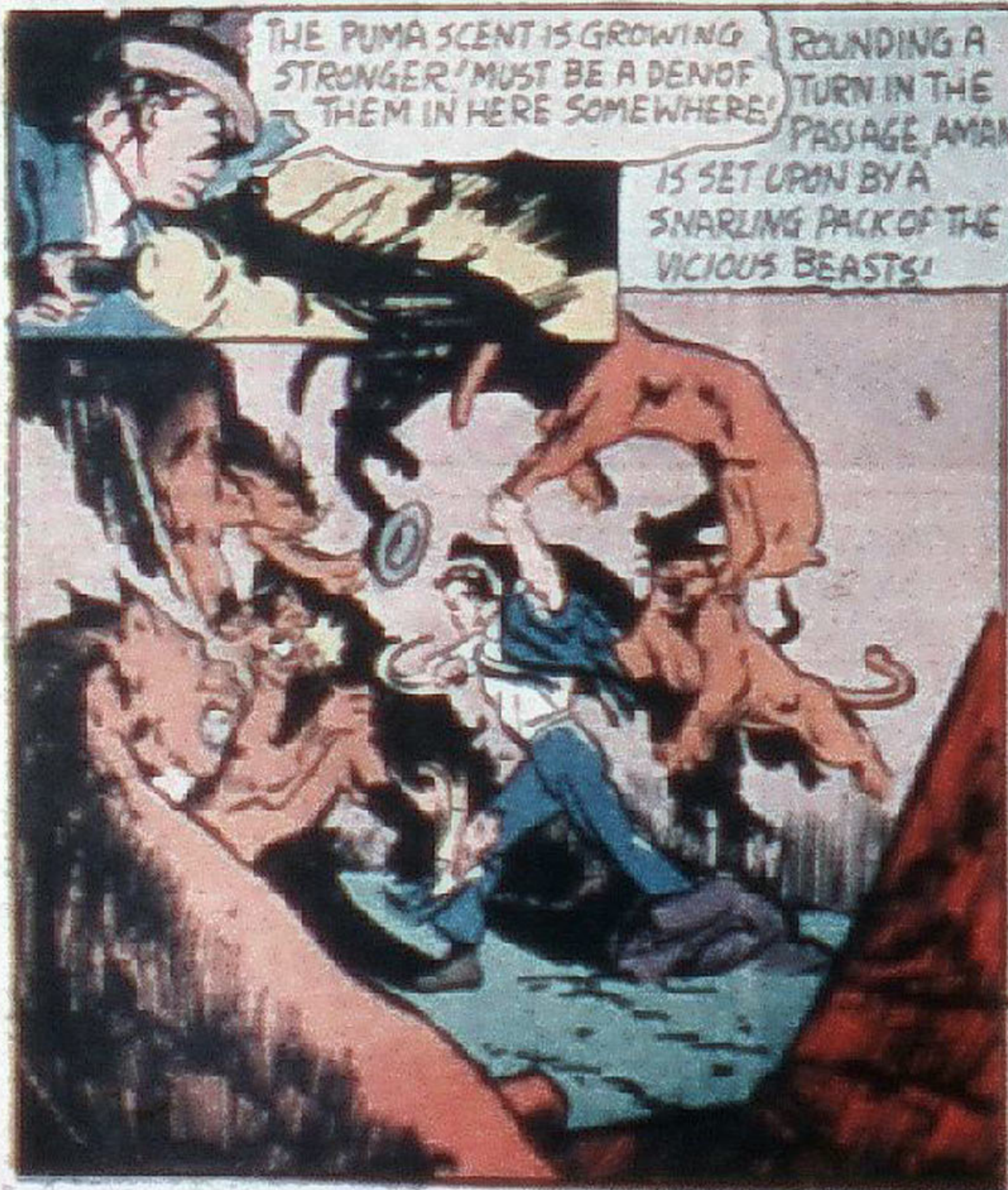
A MAN COULD PASS WITH-
IN THREE FEET OF THIS
OPENING WITHOUT
SEEING IT!



HEY- LOOKS LIKE A ROCKET
BUT NOBODY COULD HIDE A
ROCKET PLANT ON THESE
PRAIRIES!



AMAN'S
OUT OF
THE MIST



THE PUMA SCENT IS GROWING
STRONGER! MUST BE A DEN OF
THEM IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

ROUNDING A
TURN IN THE
PASSAGE, AMAN

IS SET UPON BY A
SNARLING PACK OF THE
VICIOUS BEASTS!



WHEN THE FIGHT IS OVER

SO YOU LIKE ME, DO YOU
KITTY? OKAY, MAYBE I
NEED A FRIEND, I WON'T
HARM YOU!

EXPLORING FURTHER
FOLLOWED BY HIS NEW FOUND
FRIEND, A MAN APPROACHES A
STAIRCASE



AT THE BOTTOM HE FINDS
AN ELEVATOR SHAFT—

DUCK BEHIND SOMETHING
KITTY, I HEAR
VOICES COMING
FROM
ABOVE!



GOTTA FEED THEM BLASTED
PUMAS AGAIN-- BUT I GUESS
THEY'RE WORTH
IT TO KEEP
PROWLERS
OUT OF
THIS PASSAGE
!!!!



SO IT'S OPERATED FROM
THE TOP! WELL HERE WE
GO KITTY, ON OUR WAY



AS THE ELEVATOR CREAKS TO
A STOP, A MAN SETS HIMSELF
FOR ACTION!



DON'T TOUCH THAT GUN!



WHEN AMAN TURNS AROUND, HE SEES TO HIS
UTMOST SURPRISE, THE GREAT ? QUESTION!

WHATTH...

GREET-
INGS, AMAN, I
SEE YOU CAN STILL
HANDLE
YOUR-
SELF

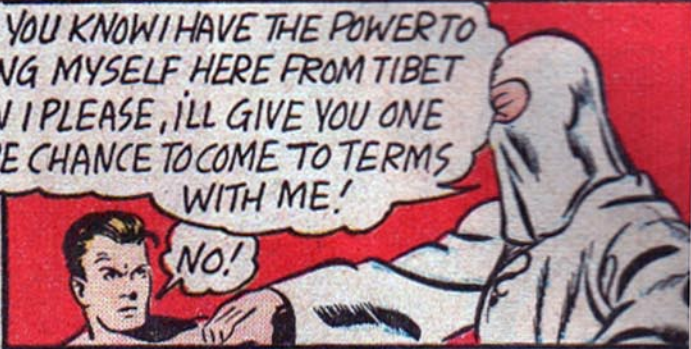


INWARDLY, AMAN IS CURSING HIMSELF FOR A
FOOL, HE HAS WALKED INTO A TRAP SET BY HIS
ARCH-ENEMY, THE GREAT QUESTION!!!

YOU KNOW I HAVE THE POWER TO
BRING MYSELF HERE FROM TIBET
WHEN I PLEASE, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE
MORE CHANCE TO COME TO TERMS
WITH ME!

NO!

.... SHOTS HIM IN THE BACK WITH A
WEAKENING RAY-GUN!



A HENCHMAN OF THE
QUESTIONS CREEPS UP
BEHIND AMAN, AND..



HIS STRENGTH AND WILL POWER PARAL-
YZED, AMAN IS HELPLESS!

CAREFUL WITH THAT LIGHT, KURGOR
IF IT LEAVES AMAN FOR AN INSTANT
HE'LL REGAIN HIS
STRENGTH!

O.K.!!



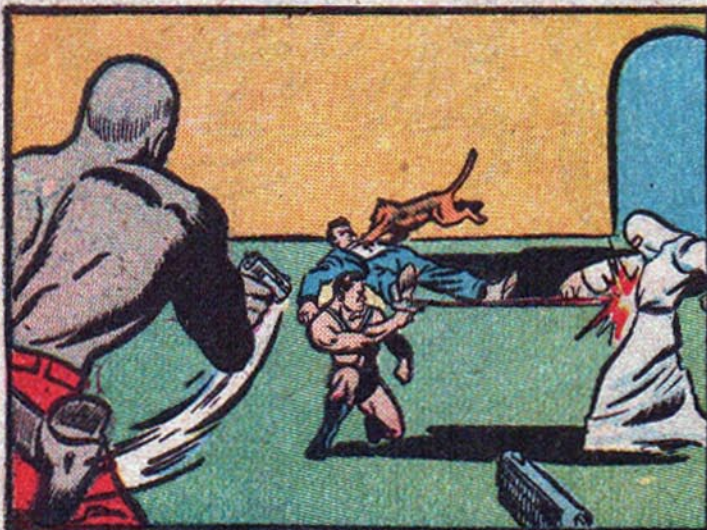
THEN SUDDENLY...

THE GUN, YOU
FOOL, THE GUN!!



THE GUARDS AIM WELL!

YOU GOT
THE GUN AND THE CUB
PUMA —... BUT...





BUT YOU DIDN'T GET ME!



NO TIME TO BOTHER WITH THEM, NOW, I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT FIRST! SO I'LL JUST RUN!



A TRAP DOOR, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT AND SEE WHERE I COME OUT!



OUTSIDE... WHAT'S THAT? WELL I'LL BE.. THE ROCKETS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO SEND THAT ONE OFF, WITH THE TWO INDIANS TIED BY THEIR HANDS TO THE SIDE OF IT!



WHAT AMAN SAW.....

NO! NO! ME NOT WANT DIE!

HELP!

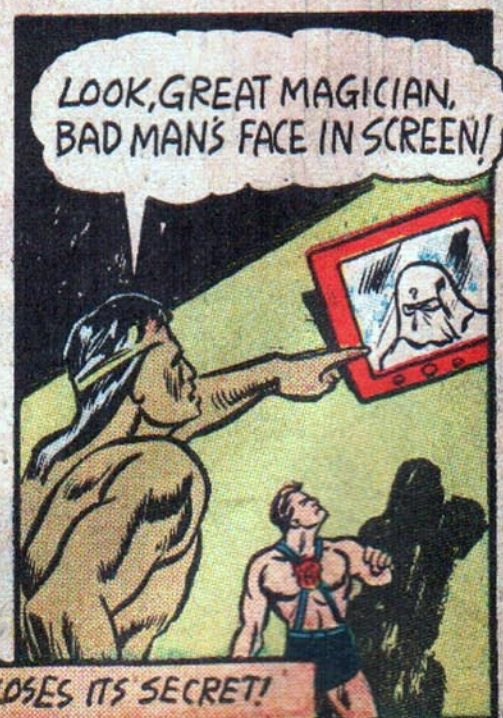
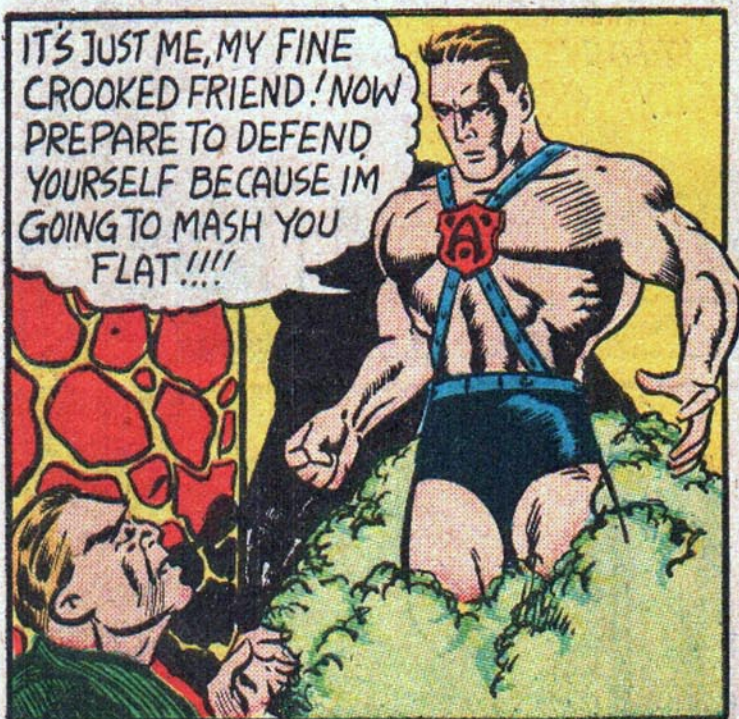
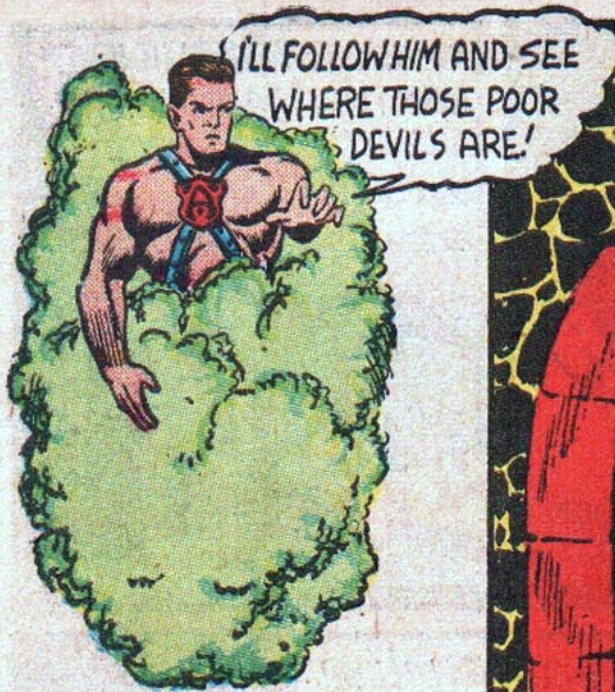
AH, SHUT UP!



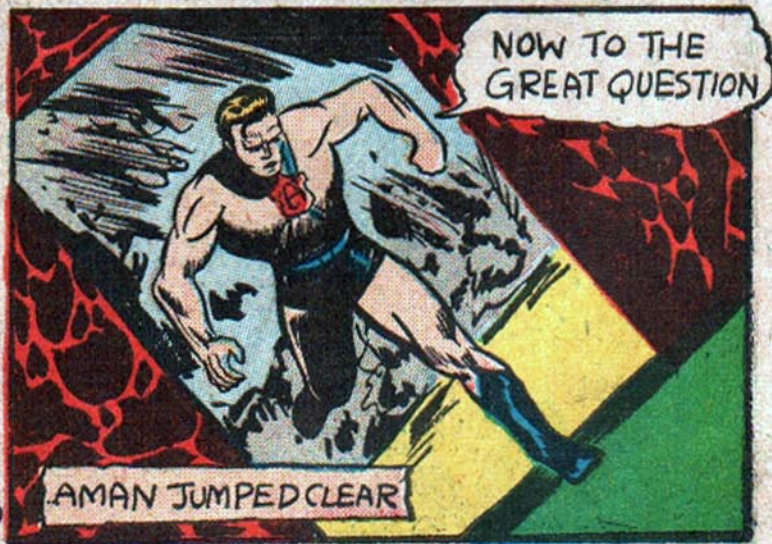
WELL THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE, GO DOWN AN' GET A COUPLE MORE RED-SKINS



O.K. TOM!!



8 AN UNDERGROUND PRISON DISCLOSES ITS SECRET!



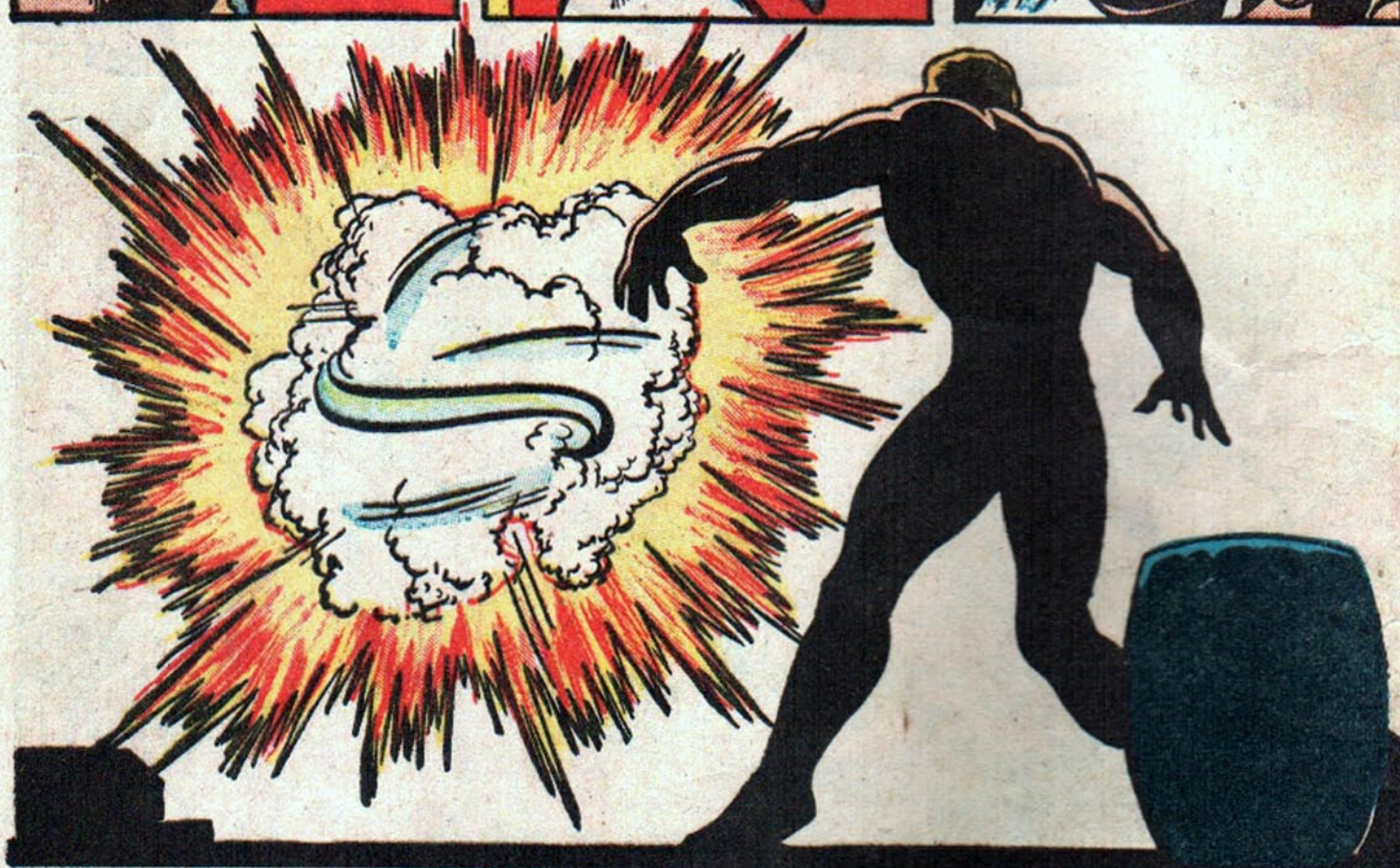
AT THE GREAT QUESTION'S HEADQUARTERS AMAN PAUSES TO LISTEN

YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT AMAN'S GIRL ASSISTANT? GOOD, GET OUT THE PLANE AND TAKE HER TO MY MEN IN LOS ANGELES

SO YOU'VE GOT ZONA? YOU DIRTY RAT!!!!



YOU'RE A FOOL, AMAN, YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T CAPTURE ME 'WATCH!'



GONE - DISAPPEARED

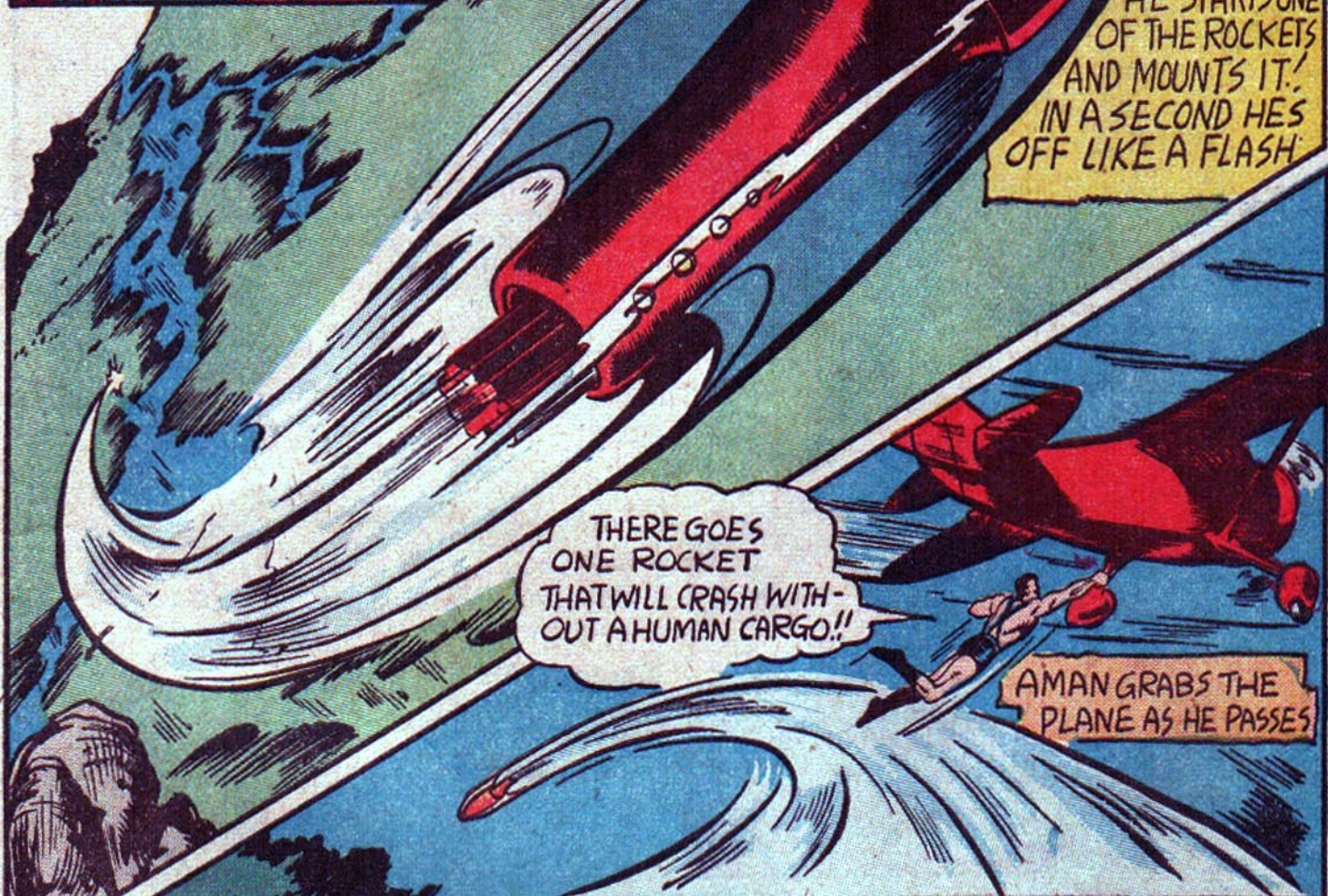
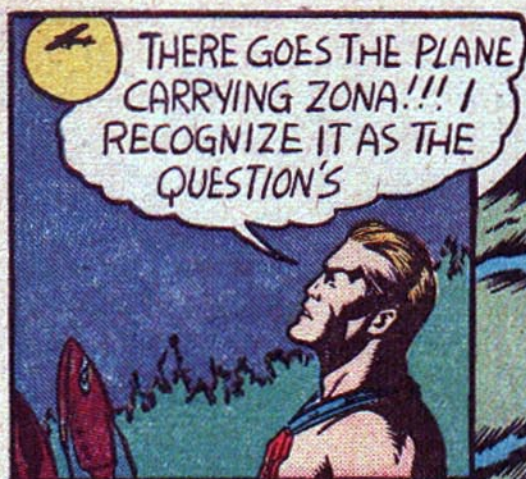
AHA, AMAN, YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD ME!! YOU DO NOT YET KNOW MY POWERS!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT GREAT QUESTION BUT DON'T FORGET I HAVE A FEW POWERS MYSELF

THE ROCKETS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THEM BEFORE!

SO LONG GREAT QUESTION! SORRY I CAN'T STAY AN' PLAY HIDE AN' SEEK WITH YOU!!





AMAN GLANCES DOWN FROM THE PLANE AND SOLVES A MYSTERY

THE ROCKET EXPERIMENTAL PLANT IS LOCATED ON ONE OF THE UNEXPLORED MESAS RISING FROM THE GIANT CANYON. IT CAN ONLY BE REACHED THRU THE SECRET UNDERGROUND PASSAGE. OUT ALONG WHAT WAS ONCE AN UNDERGROUND LOST RIVER!!!

IT WON'T TAKE SOME ARMY PLANES LONG TO CLEAN OUT THAT MESS! BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT THE PURPOSE OF THOSE ROCKETS. AND I THINK THAT FLEEING CAR DOWN THERE WILL SUPPLY THE ANSWER.

KEEP THE CONTROLS ZONA, AND NOTIFY THE NEAREST ARMY AIR BASE, I'M GOING DOWN TO THAT CAR!

A GHOST LIKE HAND KILLS THE CAR'S MOTOR!

AND IN AN INSTANT ALL THE MEN IN THE CAR ARE KNOCKED OUT, ALL BUT ONE!

ALL RIGHT, KURGOR START TALKING!

OKAY, I'LL TALK! THAT QUESTION GUYS HELPING A FOREIGN COUNTRY THAT WANTS TO SEND A FIFTH COLUMN INTO THE U.S. HE WAS USING INDIANS TO EXPERIMENT WITH WHILE HE WAS PERFECTING THE ROCKETS. DAT'S ALL I KNOW

Doctor HYPNO

by
Frank Thomas

HERE IS THE EASTERN STEEL CORPORATION, WUN!- STOP IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE BUILDING!

HOKAY, DR. HYPNO!

MASTER OF PSYCHOLOGY, HYPNOTISM AND CRIMINOLOGY, ARE THE ATTRIBUTES OF THAT NATIONALLY KNOWN FIGURE, DR. HYPNO!

EXPLORING THE FIELD OF MENTAL SCIENCE FAR IN ADVANCE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, DR. HYPNO HAS SUCCEEDED IN ACCOMPLISHING THE MENTAL TRANSPOSITION OF ANIMALS!! — BY THE USE OF HYPNOTISM, HE IS ABLE TO TRANSFER HIS MIND TO THE BODY OF ANY LIVING ANIMAL, WHILE HIS OWN BODY LAPSES INTO A COMA!!

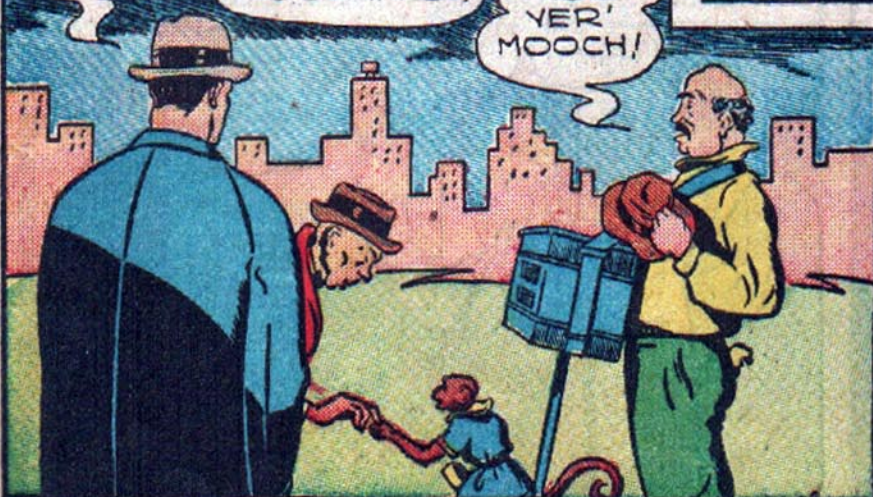
WITH THE HELP OF WUN, HIS TRUSTY CHINESE VALET, DR. HYPNO EMPLOYS MENTAL TRANSPOSITION TO BAFFLE THE UNDERWORLD AND BRING ITS DENIZENS TO JUSTICE!!

MR. COLLIER, THE PRESIDENT OF EASTERN STEEL, SEEMED AGITATED OVER THE 'PHONE, — SAID WE SHOULD COME OVER IMMEDIATELY, SO WE'LL GO RIGHT IN, WUN!

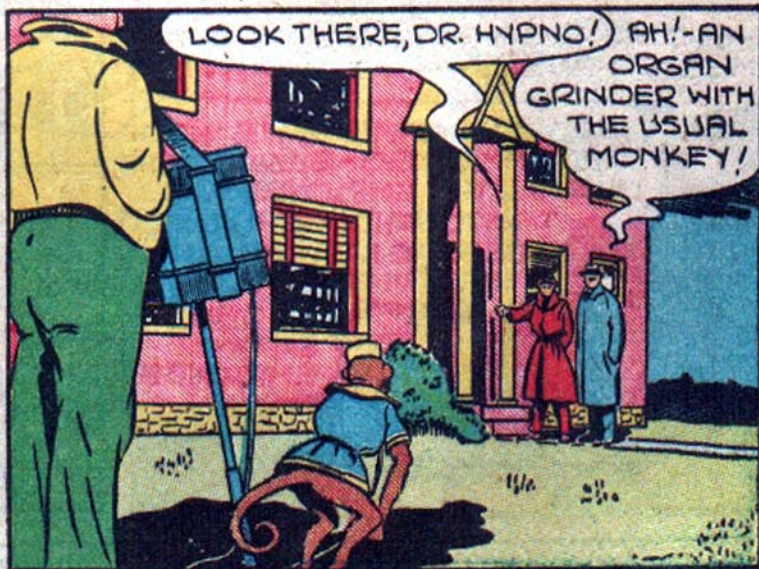


THE LITTLE BEGGAR KNOWS HIS BUSINESS!

T'ANK YOU YER' MOOCH!



LOOK THERE, DR. HYPNO! AH!-AN ORGAN GRINDER WITH THE USUAL MONKEY!



COME WUN!- WE MUST SEE MR. COLLIER!



IT IS NICE OF YOU TO COME, DR. HYPNO—YOU ARE OUR LAST HOPE!!—I HAVE CALLED YOU BECAUSE OURS SEEMS TO BE NO PROBLEM FOR AN ORDINARY INVESTIGATOR!

NO?—WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MR. COLLIER?



SABOTAGE!!—AND RIGHT HERE IN MY OWN OFFICE!!
—PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FOR ANTI-TANK GUN PARTS WE ARE MAKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT ARE DISAPPEARING AT REGULAR INTERVALS FROM MY PRIVATE FILES AND UNDER MY VERY NOSE!—IT'S MADDENING!!
—NEITHER I NOR THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DISCOVER THE LEAK!



ONLY MYSELF AND MY SECRETARY, MISS SNELL HERE, HAVE ACCESS TO THIS OFFICE!

THANK YOU MISS SNELL!



—AND YOU'RE—AH—QUITE SURE OF MISS—ER—SNELL—— I HOPE—??

YES—SHE CAME TO ME WELL RECOMMENDED—BESIDES SHE, LIKE ALL THE EMPLOYEES, IS THOROUGHLY SEARCHED BEFORE LEAVING OR ENTERING THE PLANT—! IT CAN'T BE ANY EMPLOYEE!



LOOK—EE DR. HYPNO— THE MONKEY!



AH YES!—THIS LITTLE MONK AND HIS MASTER, TONY, MAKE THE ROUNDS OF PLANT WINDOWS EVERY NOON-HOUR!—WE'VE ALL BECOME QUITE ATTACHED TO THE LITTLE FELLOW!



EITHER MYSELF OR MISS SNELL USUALLY GIVES HIM A PENNY!— HERE YOU ARE—NOW BEAT IT!



I'LL GO TO WORK ON THE SABOTAGE MYSTERY, MR. COLLIER—AND YOU WILL BE HEARING FROM ME SOON!!

THANK YOU, DR. HYPNO!—NATURALLY YOU WILL RECEIVE FULL COÖPERATION FROM BOTH EASTERN AND THE GOVERNMENT!!



AS DR. HYPNO AND WUN DRIVE AWAY FROM EASTERN—

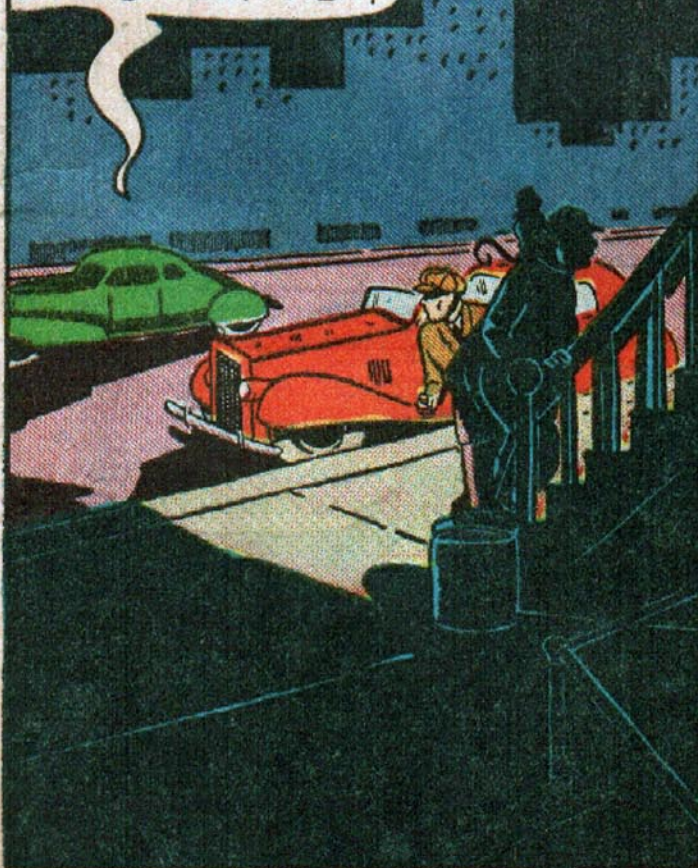
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE CASE, WUN?—I THINK MISS SN—SAY, THAT'S A CLASSY LIMOUSINE PASSING US—!! —LOOK!—LOOK WHO'S IN THE BACK SEAT—IT'S TONY, THE ORGAN-GRINDER, AND HIS MONKEY!



THE HUMBLE ORGAN-GRINDER IN AN EXPENSIVE LIMOUSINE! —THAT CINCHES IT!— FOLLOW THEM WUN— WE'LL SEE IF OUR FRIEND TONY LIVES IN A MANSION!!



THEY'VE STOPPED—THERE THEY ARE!! —IT'S NO MANSION—JUST A CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE—WHICH MAKES THE SITUATION EVEN STRANGER!—THEY'RE WATCHING US—DRIVE RIGHT ON PAST THEM WUN!



HEAD FOR HOME!—WE'LL DON SOME SHABBY CLOTHES AND COME BACK HERE AFOOT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



'TOO BAD WE COULDN'T TAKE THE TIME TO LET OUR BEARDS GROW — AH, HERE IS THE ROOMING HOUSE, WUN



ONE HOUR LATER!

VACANT ROOMS?-SHURE AN' I GOT PLENTY
OF 'EM!-COME IN AND TAKE YOUR PICK!
-I'M MRS. FLAHERTY- KIN Y' PAY IN
ADVANCE??

THANK Y'MAM!- OH
YES, WE HAVE MONEY!



DO YOU OBJECT TO
ANIMALS, MRS. FLAHERTY?
-A FRIEND OF
MINE HAS A
DOG, AND-



NOT A
BIT!-WHY
ONE OF MY
ROOMERS-
ROOM 19 IT
IS-HAS A MONK-
EY-IMAGINE!
-A MONKEY!



ROOM 19?- DO TELL!
-I SURE LIKE MONK-
EYS! -YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE A ROOM FOR
US RIGHT CLOSE
BY THE LITTLE FEL-
LOW, WOULD YOU?
-I COULD PAY HIM
A VISIT NOW AND
THEN!!

SHURE AND I HAVE!-ROOM 20, RIGHT
NEXT DOOR!-WALK RIGHT IN MR.-MR.-
-WHAT DID YOU SAY YER
NAME
WAS?

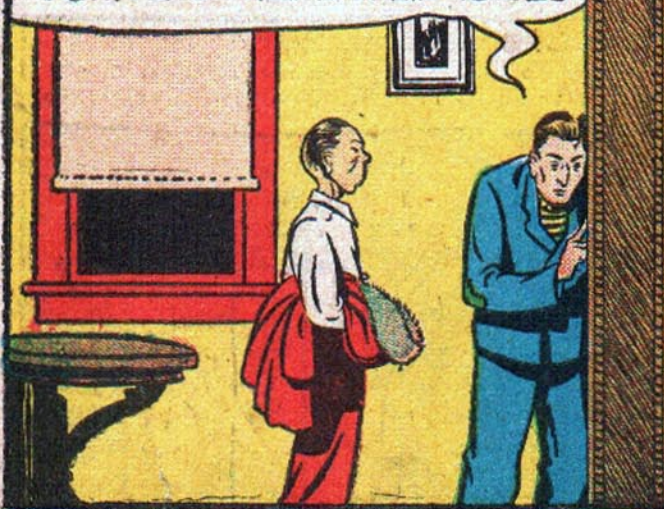


ER- THEY CALL ME 'DOC'
-THIS ROOM IS FINE-
WE'LL TAKE IT!



THANK YOU,
MR. DOCK- EFF'N
YOU WANT ANY-
THING, JUST
CALL !!

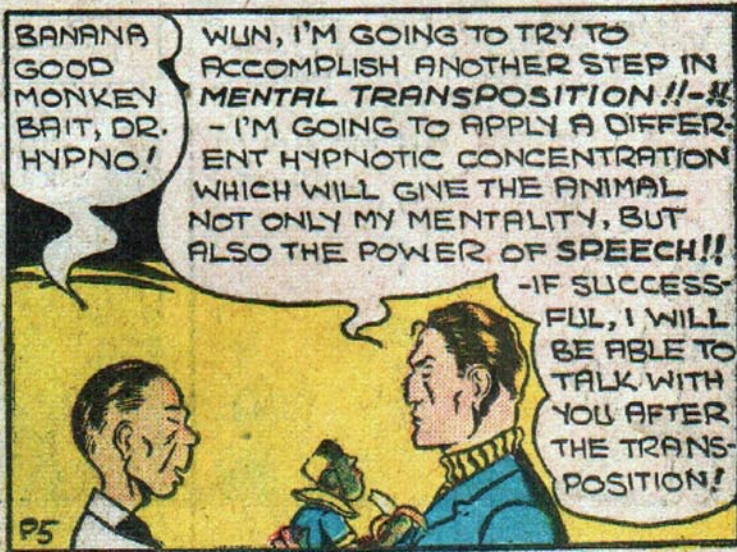
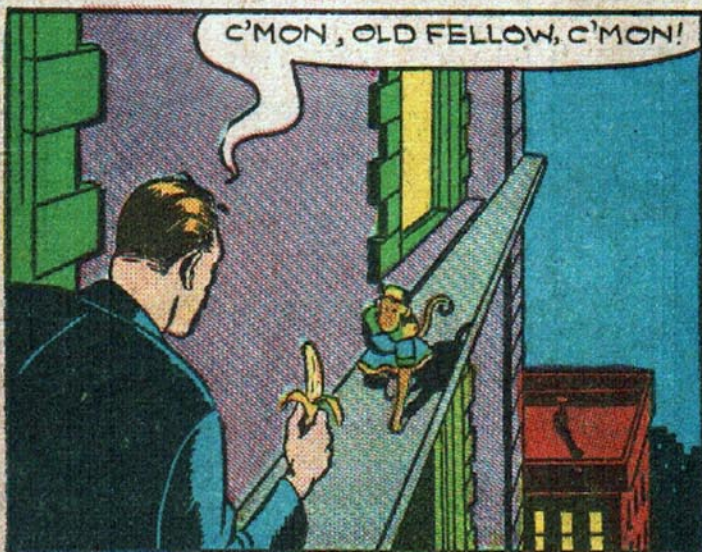
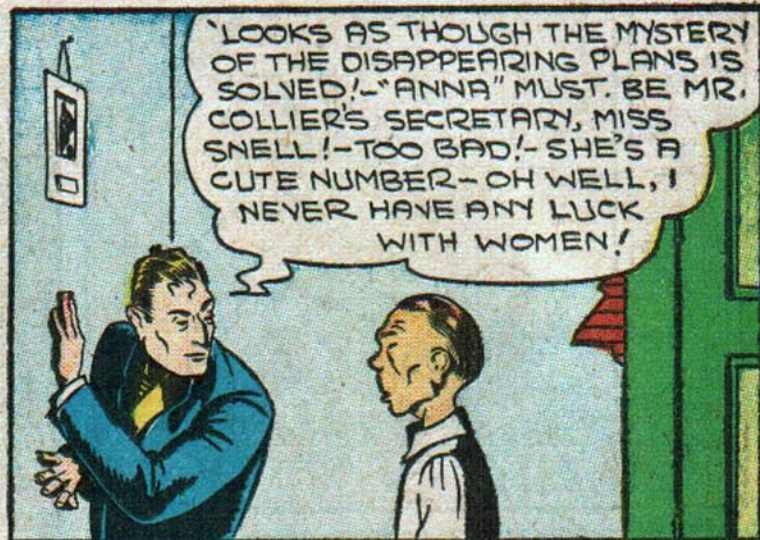
LUCK IS WITH US THUS FAR, WUN!
-I CAN EVEN HEAR THEIR VOICES!



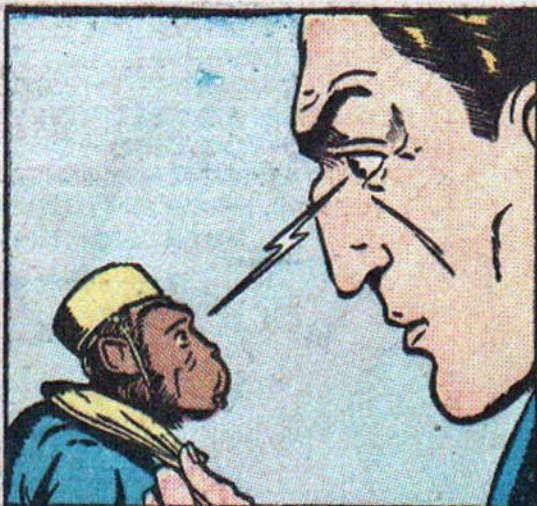
DA COPS-DEY GO NUTSY TRYIN' TO FIGURE IT
OUT!- ME AN' DA MONK ARE DOIN' A FINE JOB
FOR YOU!



YEH-BUT WE GOTTA WORK FAST!
-ANNA JUST 'PHONED AND SAID
OLD COLLIER HAS CALLED IN DR.
HYPNO!-THAT GUY IS
UNCANNY!



THE POWERFUL EYES OF DR. HYPNO LOCK WITH THOSE OF THE MONKEY!



HYPNOTISM-THEN MENTAL TRANSPOSITION!!



WUN!-I CAN TALK NOW-ISN'T THIS GREAT?



...-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000

TONY!-THE MONK IS GONE!!



HERE HE IS BOYS!-HE MUST'VE GONE OUT FOR FRESH AIR!-
-GOOD JOKE- HO!



YOU BETTER GIT ALONG OUT TO EASTERN STEEL, TONY!-ANNA IS WORKIN' WIT' THE NIGHT SHIFT TONIGHT, AND IS GONNA HAND OUT THE MONK NEW PLANS!!-
-SHE'LL BE READY FOR YOU!



BUT WE WON'T GET VERY FAR WITH THEM TONY OLD BOY!



WHO SAID THAT?!?
WHO SAID WHAT?? -YER HEARIN' THINGS! -GIT MOVIN'!

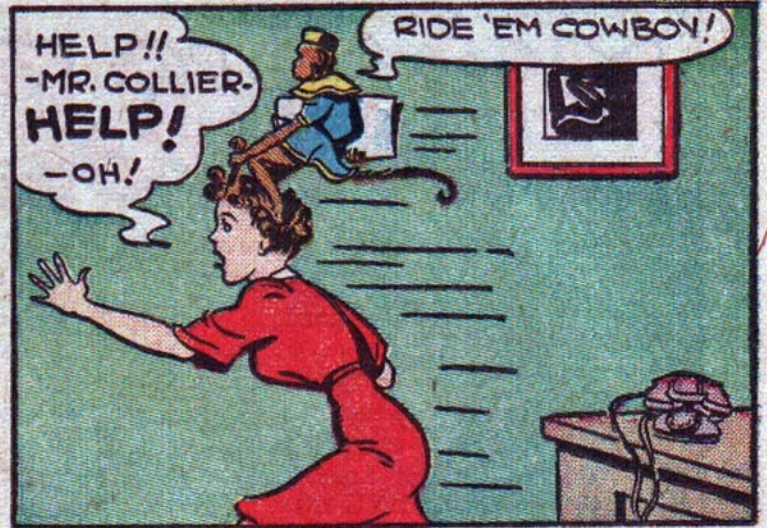


TONY ARRIVES AT EASTERN STEEL!



'ABOUT TIME YOU CAME -HERE, TAKE THIS-NOW SCRAM!



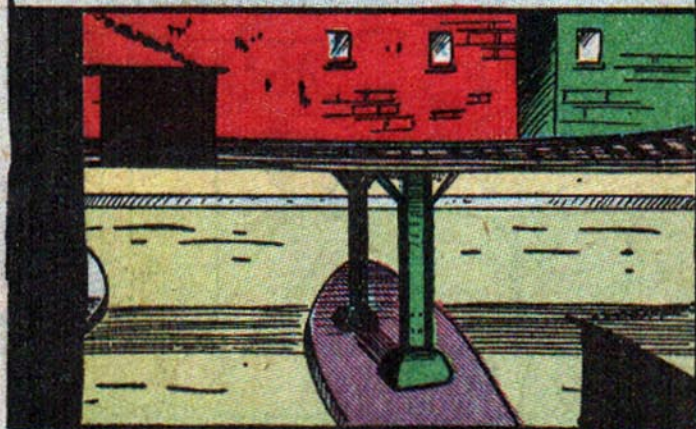


MINIMIDGET

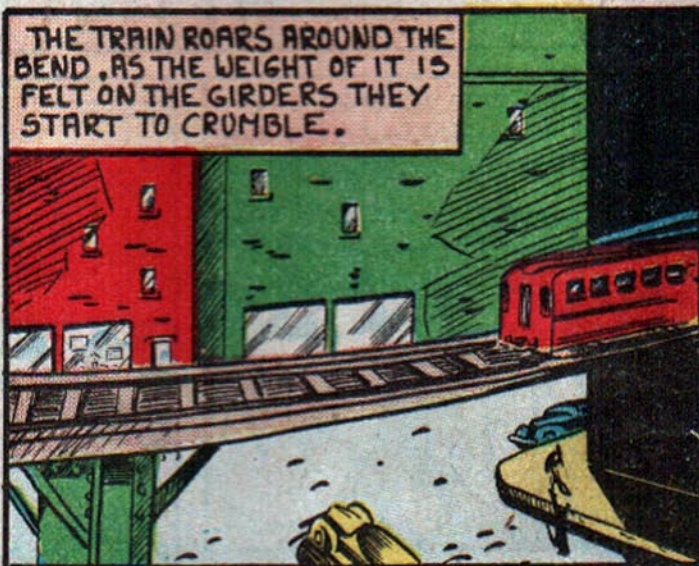
THOSE TWO SUPER MIDGETS, RITTY AND MINIMIDGET, ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON ONE OF THEIR MOST AMAZING ADVENTURES-- FOLLOW THEM-- NOW.

by John F. Kolb

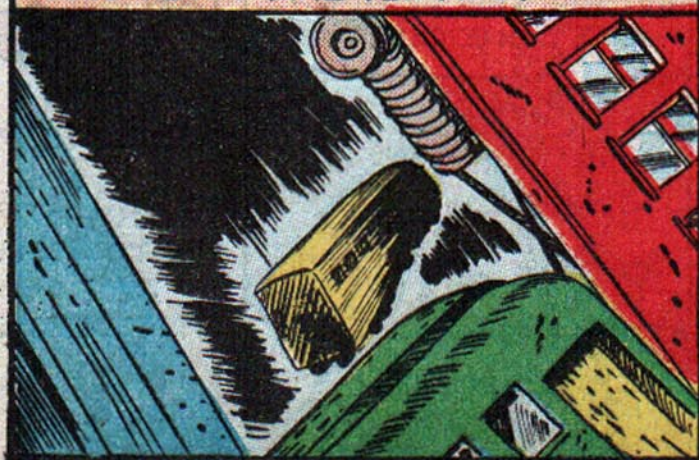
ON A HOT JULY DAY, THE MORNING OF THE 14th, THE GIRDERS SUPPORTING THE TRACKS OF AN ELEVATED TRAIN TAKE ON A RUSTY CORRODED LOOK.



THE TRAIN ROARS AROUND THE BEND, AS THE WEIGHT OF IT IS FELT ON THE GIRDERS THEY START TO CRUMBLE.



WITH A DULL THUNDEROUS NOISE THE TRESTLE COLLAPSES--THE TRAIN IS FLUNG ABOUT LIKE TEN PINS.



ONE OF THE CARS, WHEN IT HITS THE STREET, SHEARS OFF A FIRE PLUG AND WATER SHOOTS UP INTO THE AIR.

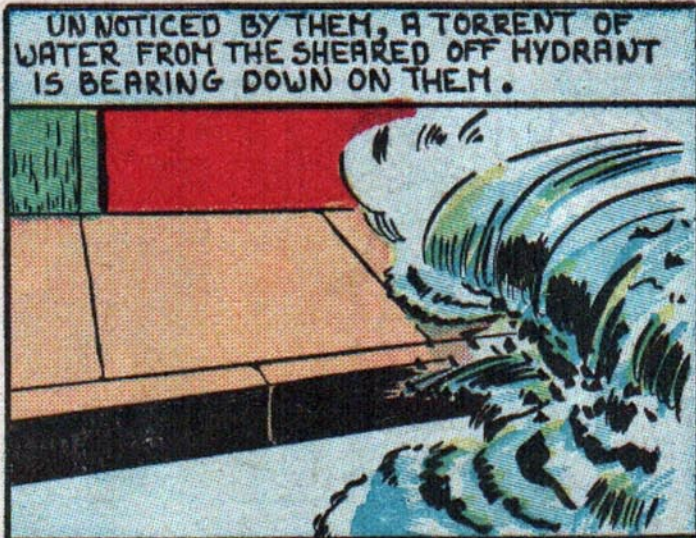


DOWN THE STREET MINIMIDGET AND RITTY WATCH—HORROR ETCHED ON THEIR FACES.

OH, IT'S AWFUL! LISTEN TO THE SCREAMING!



UNNOTICED BY THEM, A TORRENT OF WATER FROM THE SHEARED OFF HYDRANT IS BEARING DOWN ON THEM.

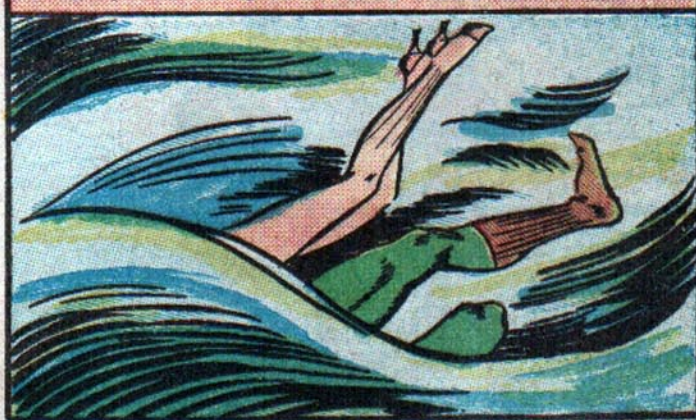


TOO LATE, MINIMIDGET SEES IT.

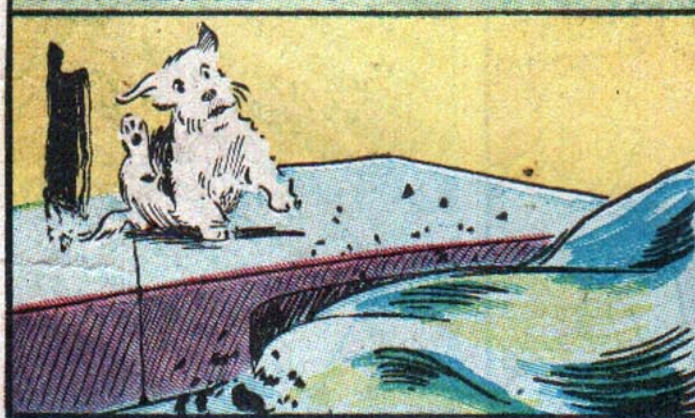
LOOK OUT RITTY!! RUN!!



THE WALL OF WATER IS ONLY TWO FEET HIGH—BUT TO THE SUPERMIDGETS IT IS A TIDAL WAVE AS IT SWEEPS OVER THEM.



HIS HOLD ON RITTY NEVER RELAXES AS THEY ARE SWEEPED DOWN A SEWER INTO THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE CITY.



COMING UP FOR AIR AND THEN BEING SWEEPED UNDER AGAIN, THEY ARE FINALLY CAST, HALF-DROWNED, INTO AN OLD UNUSED SUBWAY SYSTEM.

THANK HEAVENS WE'RE ALIVE!



BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF HERE!

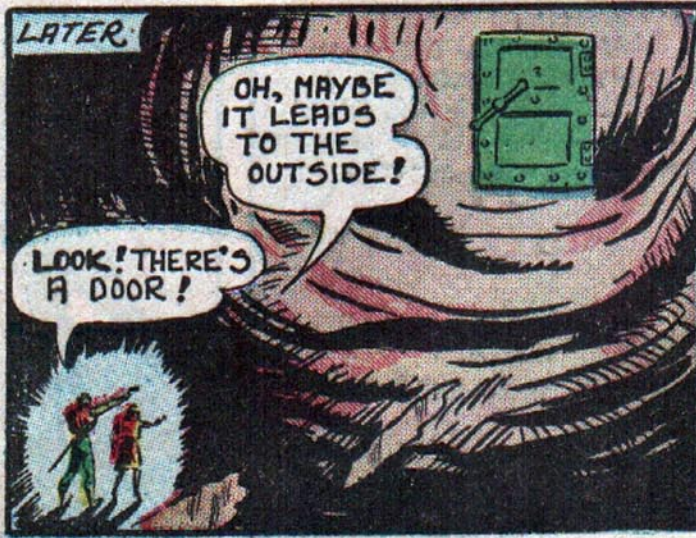
YES! -- AND THAT DOESN'T LOOK SO EASY!

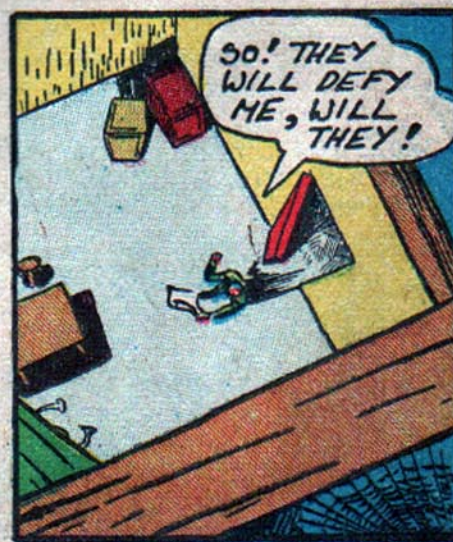
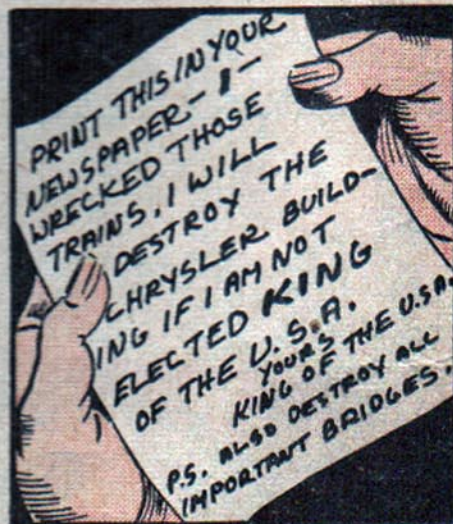
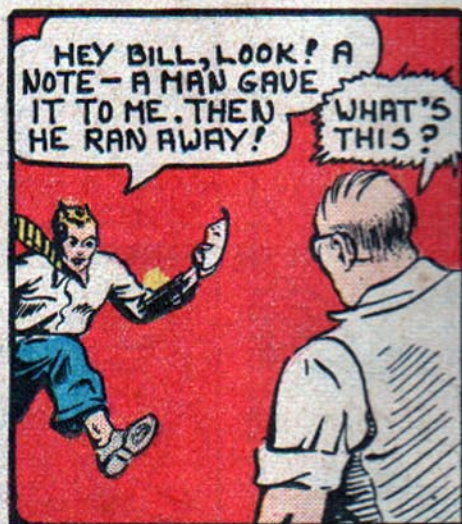
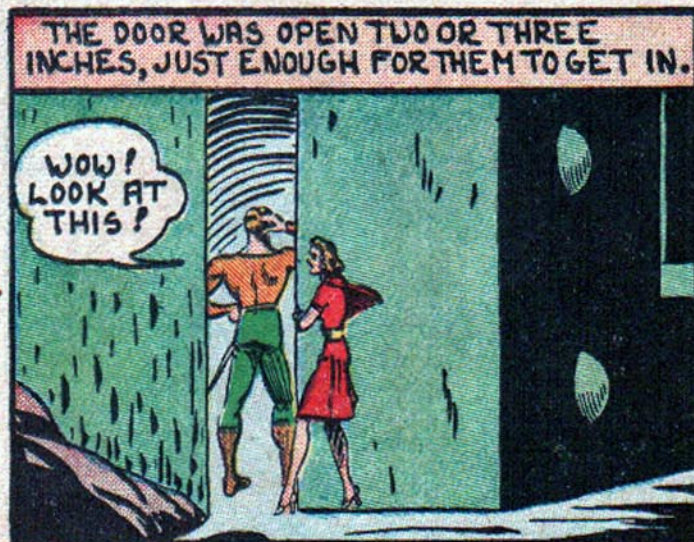


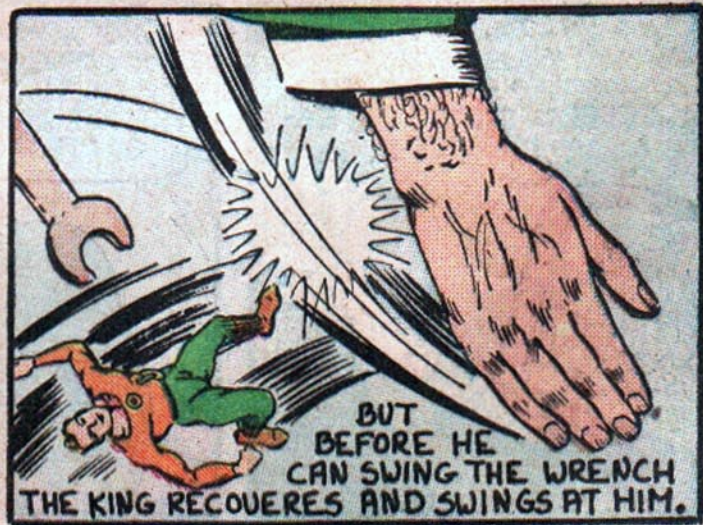
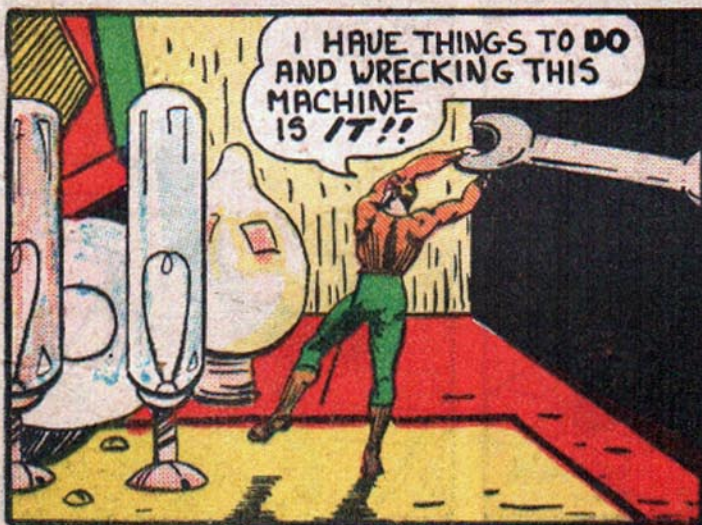
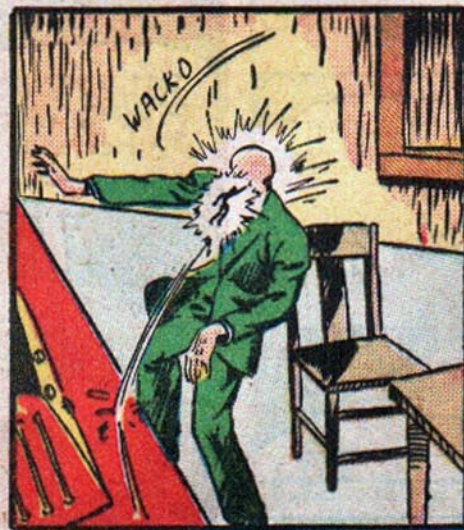
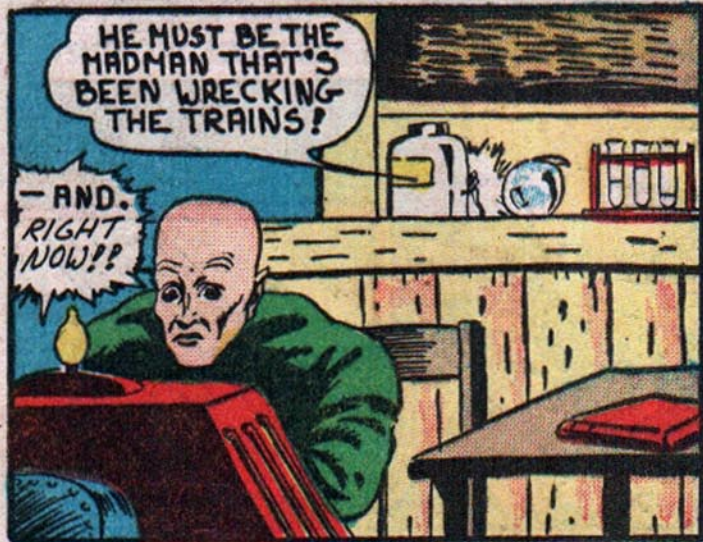
LATER

OH, MAYBE IT LEADS TO THE OUTSIDE!

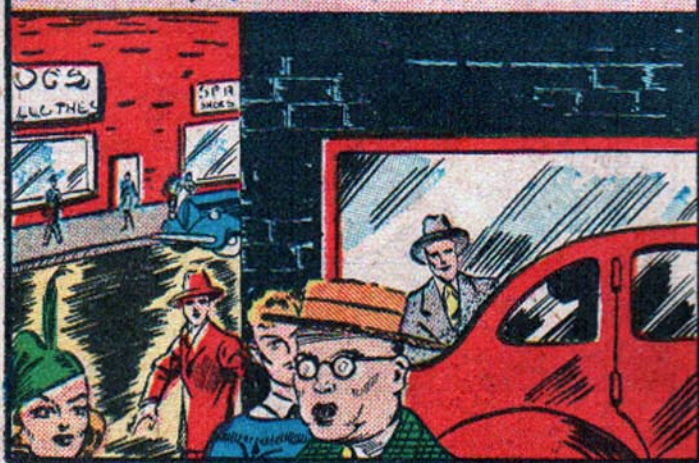
LOOK! THERE'S A DOOR!



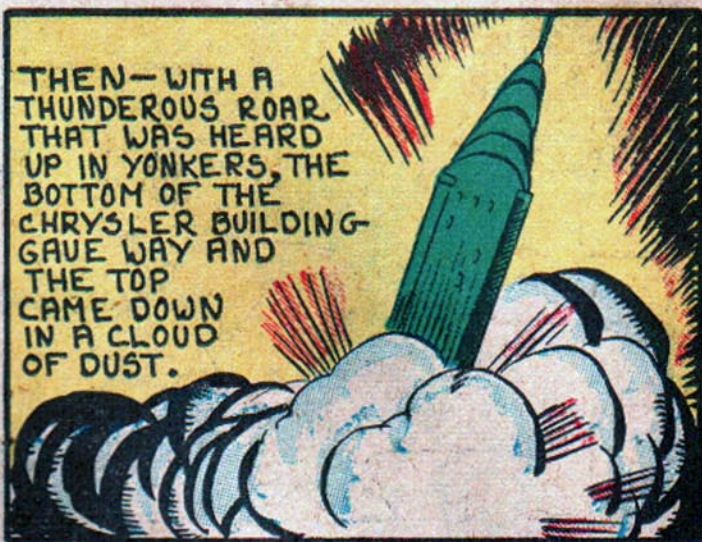




UP ON 42 ST. PEOPLE LOOK AROUND STARTLED, AS A RUMBLE FILLS THE AIR



THEN—WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THAT WAS HEARD UP IN YONKERS, THE BOTTOM OF THE CHRYSLER BUILDING GAVE WAY AND THE TOP CAME DOWN IN A CLOUD OF DUST.



MEANWHILE RITTY HAD RUN OVER TO THE CORNER WHERE MINIMIDGET LAY.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? SPEAK TO ME MINIMIDGET, PLEASE!

I'M--I'M ALL RIGHT. JUST STUNNED.



HELP ME OVER BEHIND THOSE BOXES SO HE WON'T FIND US.



HA-HA--THAT'S THE CHRYSLER BUILDING DESTROYED--I BETTER SEE ABOUT THAT SUPER-MIDGET!



I HIT HIM RIGHT INTO THIS CORNER. WHERE IS HE? OH, THERE'S A RAT HOLE. THE RAT MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIM!



YES, AND I'LL KILL EVERY BODY ELSE OFF LIKE RATS IF THEY DON'T MAKE ME KING. I'LL DISINTEGRATE EVERY BUILDING AND BRIDGE IN THE COUNTRY!!

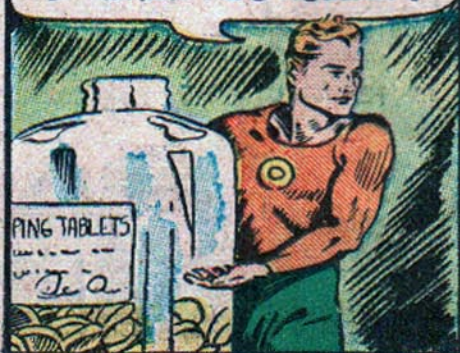


MINIMIDGET WE HAVE TO STOP HIM!

I KNOW, BUT HOW? SAY HE'S MAKING COFFEE. I HAVE AN IDEA!

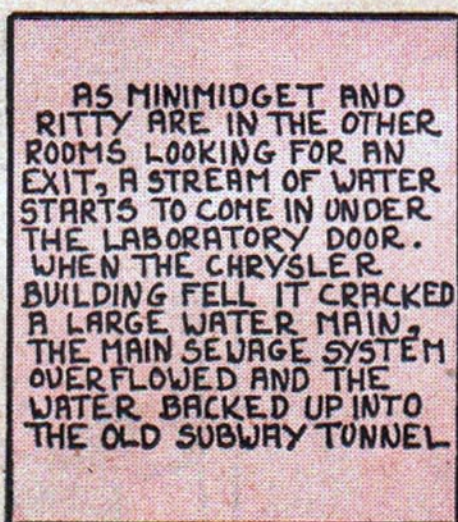
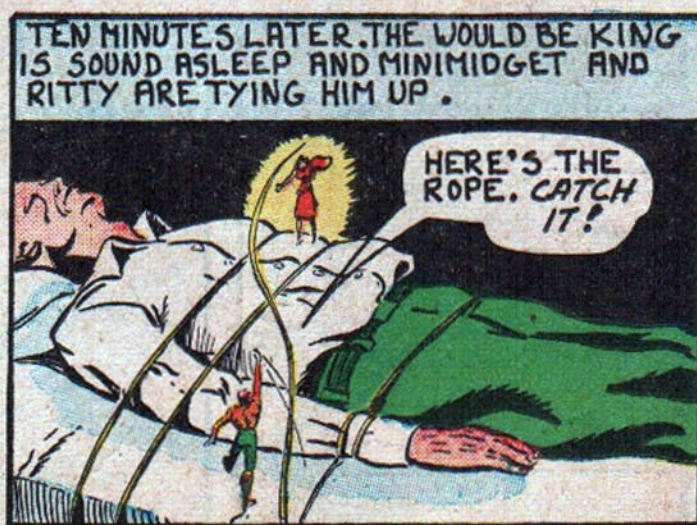
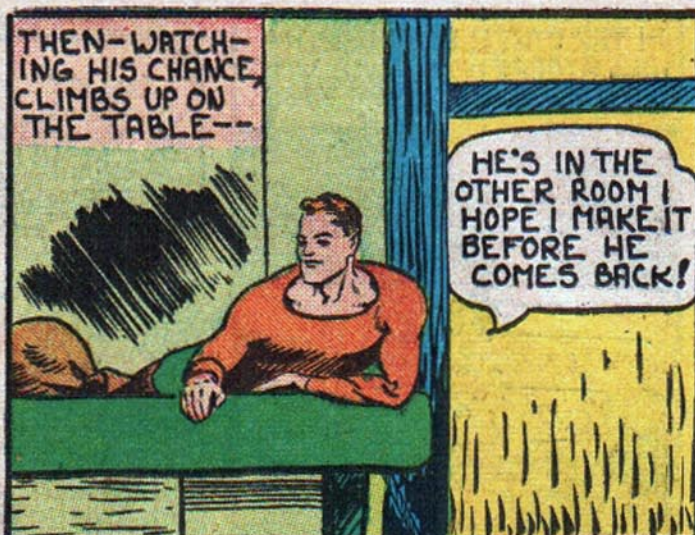


THERE'S SLEEPING TABLETS IN THIS BOTTLE. I'LL PUT AN OVER DOSE IN HIS COFFEE--WE CAN TIE HIM UP WHEN HE'S ASLEEP!

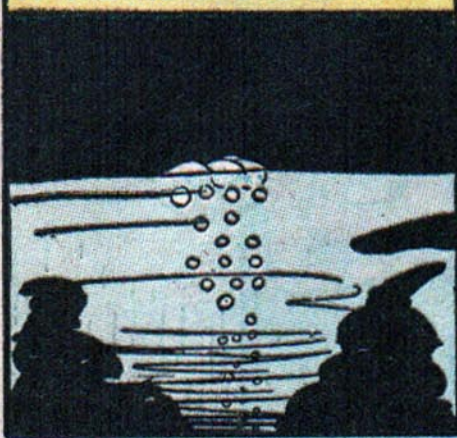


THREE IS ENOUGH, I'LL TIE THEM UP IN THIS CLOTH!





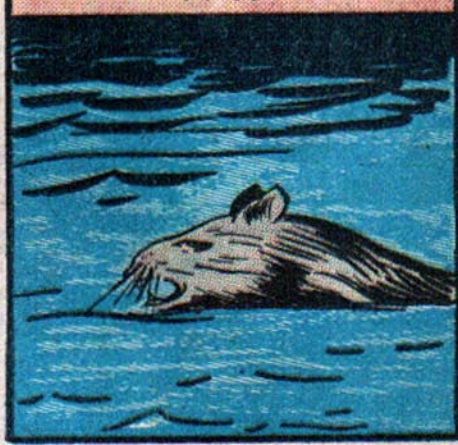
IN THE OTHER ROOM DEATH
HAS STOPPED THE EVIL WORK
OF THE MAD WOULD BE KING.



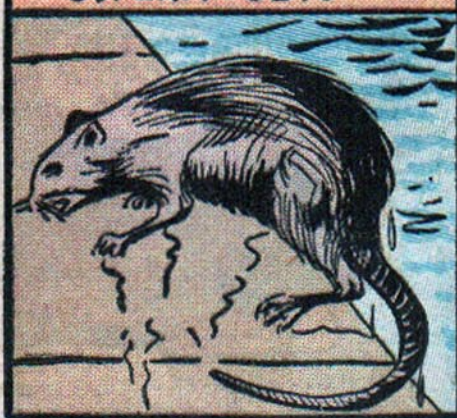
LOOK! THERE'S A
GRATING UP THERE.
IF THE WATER
CARRIES US UP
THAT FAR, WE
CAN GET
OUT!



A RAT ALSO HAS THE
SAFETY OF THE TABLE TOP
IN MIND.



HE CLIMBED UP ONTO IT
-- THEN HE SEES THE
SUPERMIDGETS --



-- HIS BODY WENT TAUT.
HIS EYES FLASHING CRUEL-
LY HE SPRANG AT THEM.



BUT MINIMIDGET WASN'T
CAUGHT NAPPING.

SO YOU WANT
TO FIGHT?



I WAS GOING TO LET
YOU STAY ON, ALIVE--



-- BUT-- IT'S TOO
LATE NOW!



HERE'S THE
GRATING, OVER
OUR HEADS.
CLIMB THROUGH.



FOR HOURS THEY WALKED
THROUGH DARK, DIM
TUNNELS.

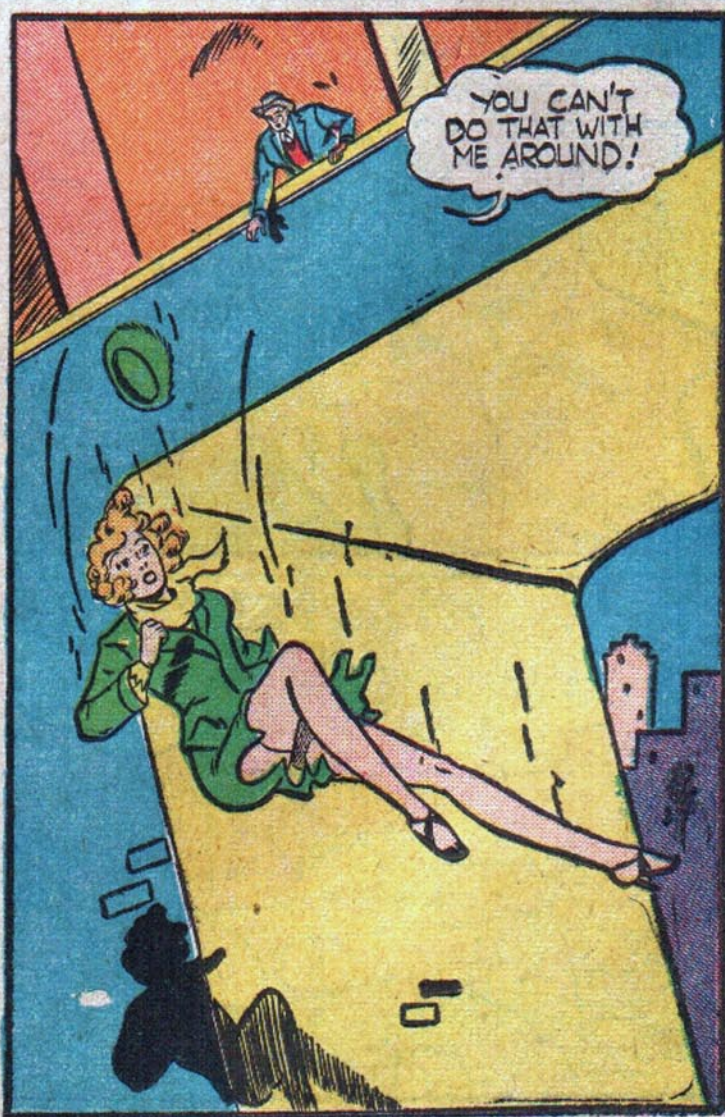
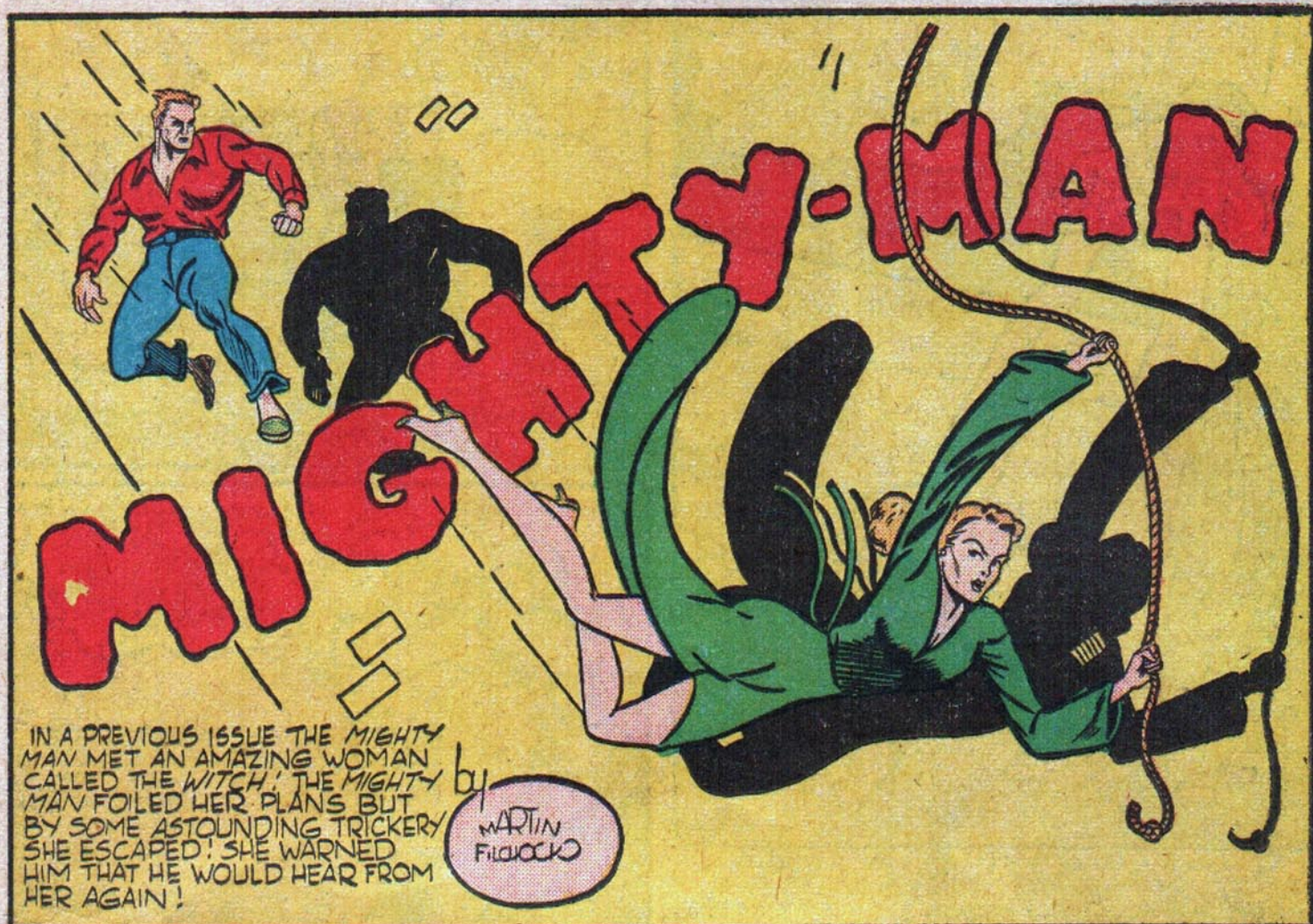


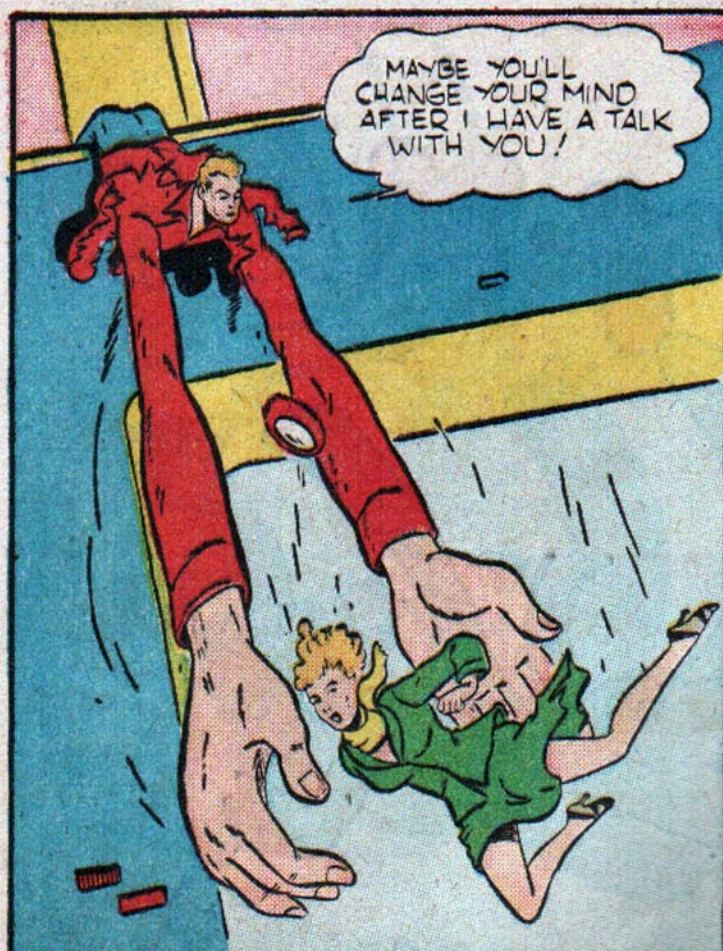
THEN.

LOOK!
SUNLIGHT!
IT MUST BE
A WAY OUT!
WE'RE FREE!

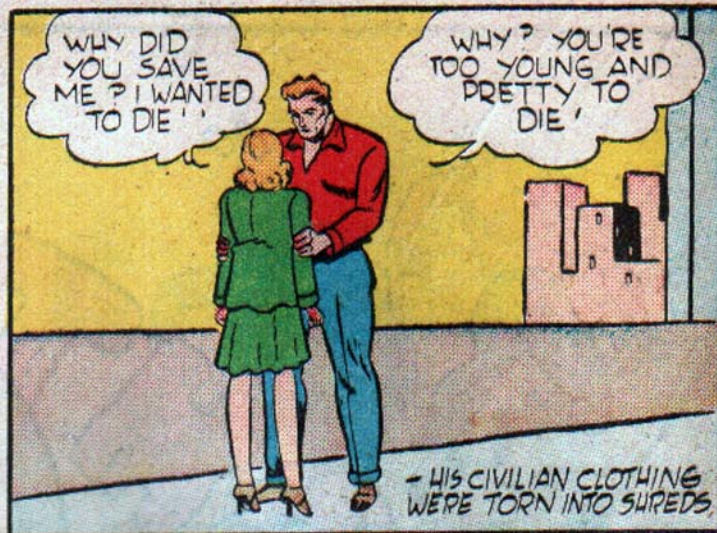


MORE
MINIMIDGET
ADVENTURES
NEXT MONTH





MAYBE YOU'LL
CHANGE YOUR MIND
AFTER I HAVE A TALK
WITH YOU!



WHY DID
YOU SAVE
ME? I WANTED
TO DIE!

WHY? YOU'RE
TOO YOUNG AND
PRETTY TO
DIE!

- HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHING
WERE TORN INTO SHREDS



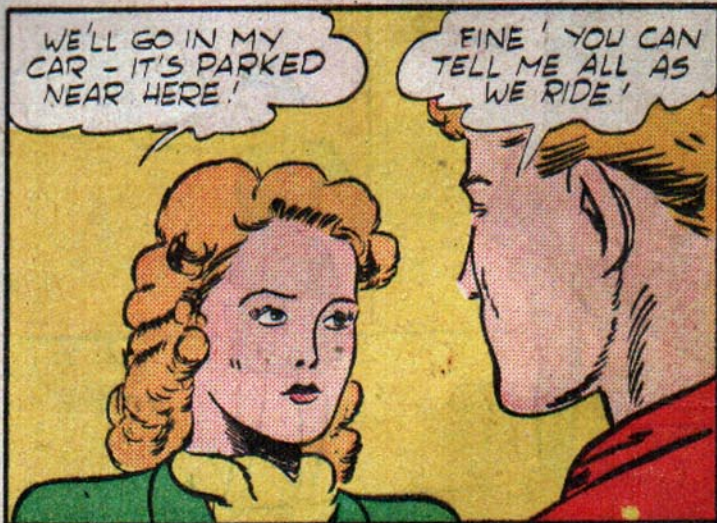
MY HUSBAND WAS
MURDERED AN HOUR
AGO AND I KNOW
THE POLICE WILL
BLAME ME!

THE YOUNG LADY TELLS
A CONVINCING STORY!



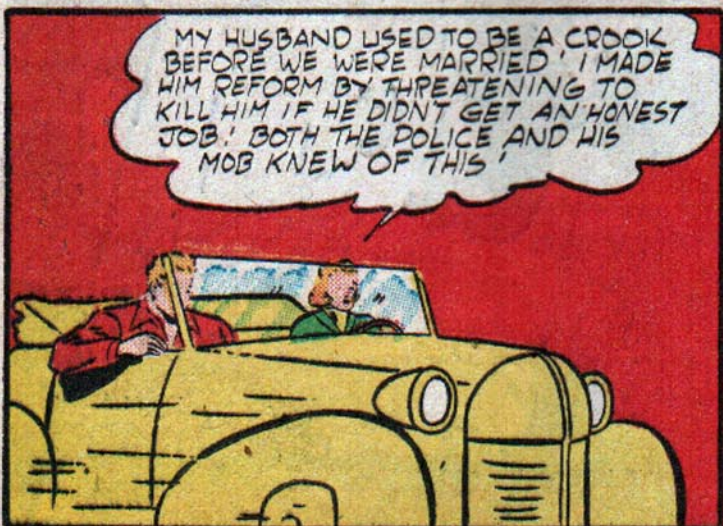
'THEY WON'T IF
YOU'RE INNOCENT!'

BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT!
HIS MURDERER'S MADE
IT LOOK LIKE I KILLED
HIM! COME! I'LL SHOW
YOU THE BODY!

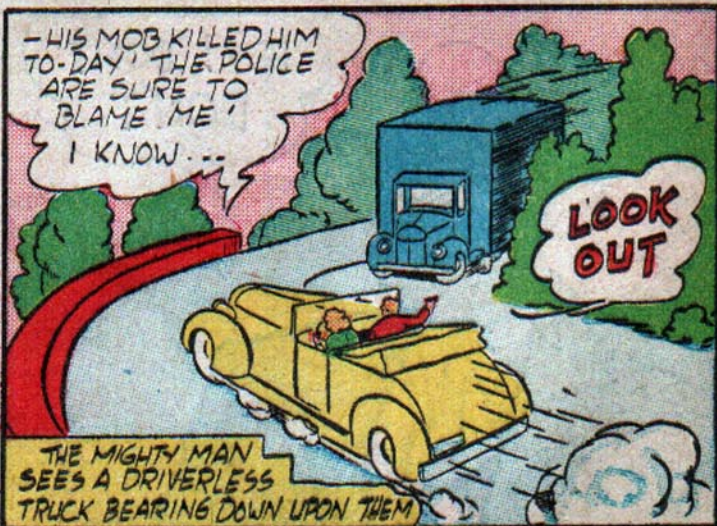


WE'LL GO IN MY
CAR - IT'S PARKED
NEAR HERE!

FINE! YOU CAN
TELL ME ALL AS
WE RIDE!



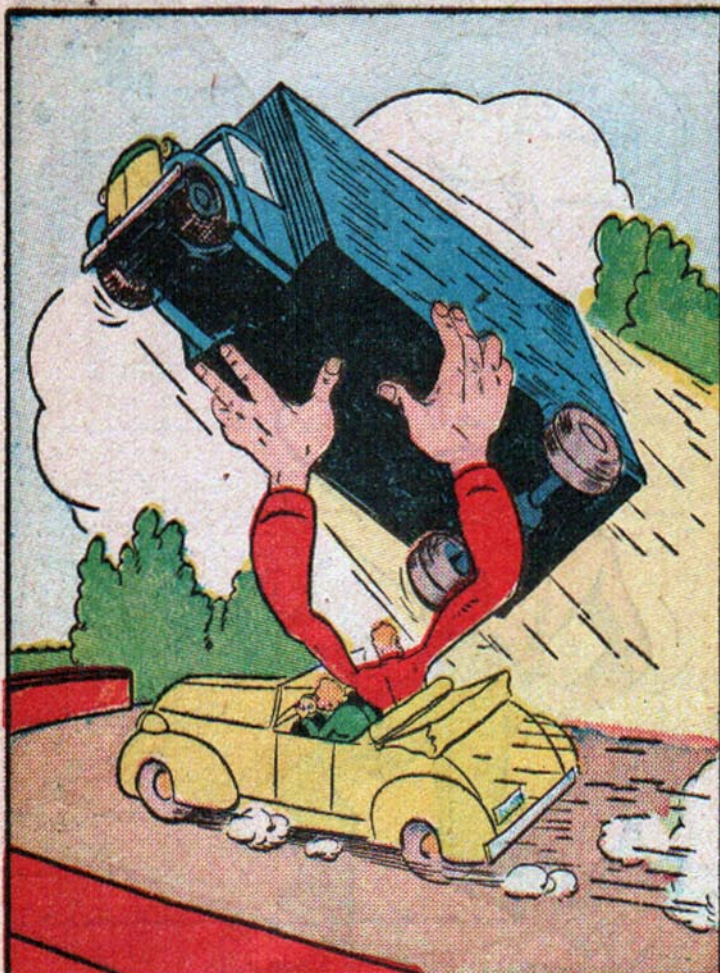
MY HUSBAND USED TO BE A CROOK
BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED! I MADE
HIM REFORM BY THREATENING TO
KILL HIM IF HE DIDN'T GET AN HONEST
JOB! BOTH THE POLICE AND HIS
MOB KNEW OF THIS!



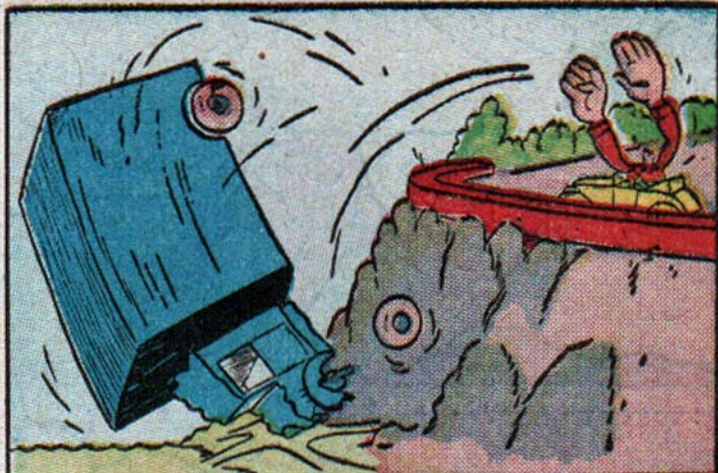
- HIS MOB KILLED HIM
TO-DAY! THE POLICE
ARE SURE TO
BLAME ME!
I KNOW...

LOOK
OUT

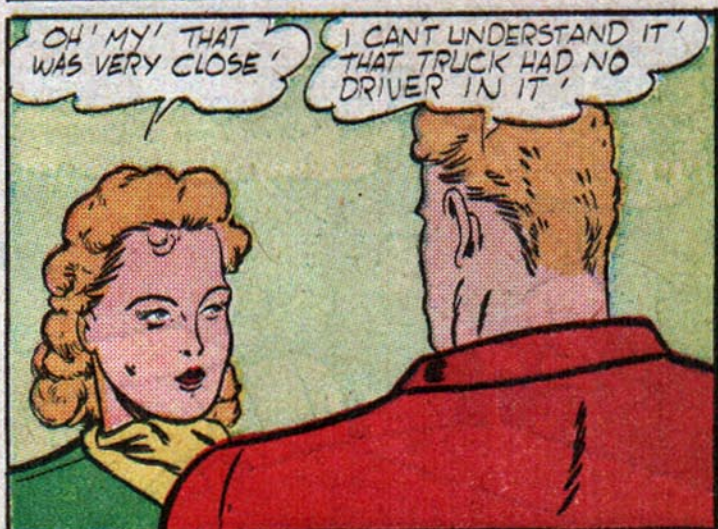
THE MIGHTY MAN
SEES A DRIVERLESS
TRUCK BEARING DOWN UPON THEM



-BUT THE MIGHTY MAN IS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING! AGAIN HE PERFORMS AN AMAZING FEAT! CATCHING THE TRUCK IN HIS HANDS HE LIFTS IT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD-

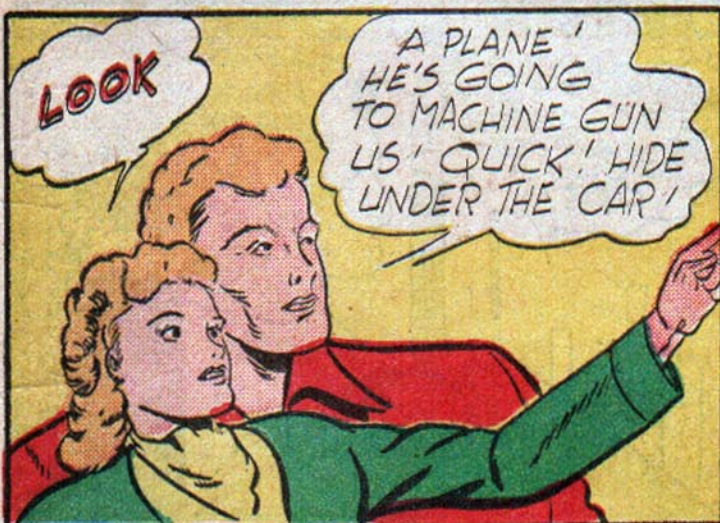


- AND THROWS IT INTO THE NEAR-BY RAVINE!



OH! MY! THAT WAS VERY CLOSE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THAT TRUCK HAD NO DRIVER IN IT!

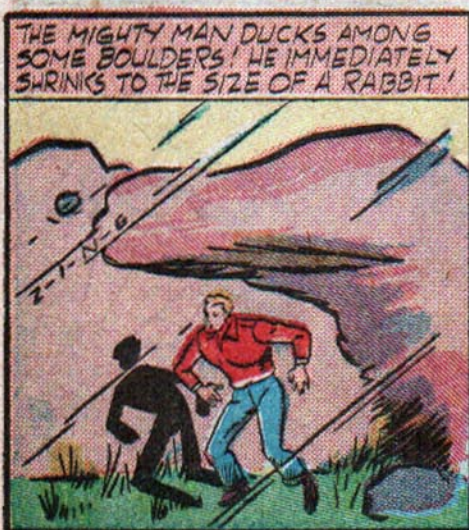


LOOK

A PLANE! HE'S GOING TO MACHINE GUN US! QUICK! HIDE UNDER THE CAR!



-I'LL DRAW HIS FIRE MY WAY! WE'RE LUCKY I HAVE EXTRA GOOD EYE SIGHT!



THE MIGHTY MAN DUCKS AMONG SOME BOULDERS! HE IMMEDIATELY SHRINKS TO THE SIZE OF A RABBIT!



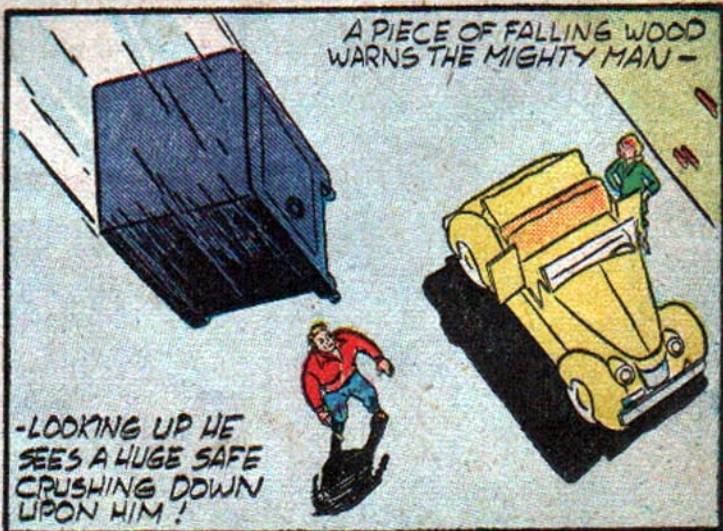
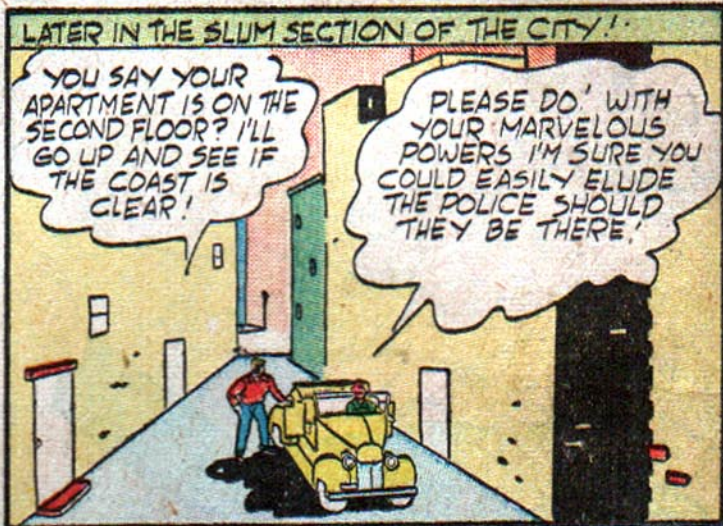
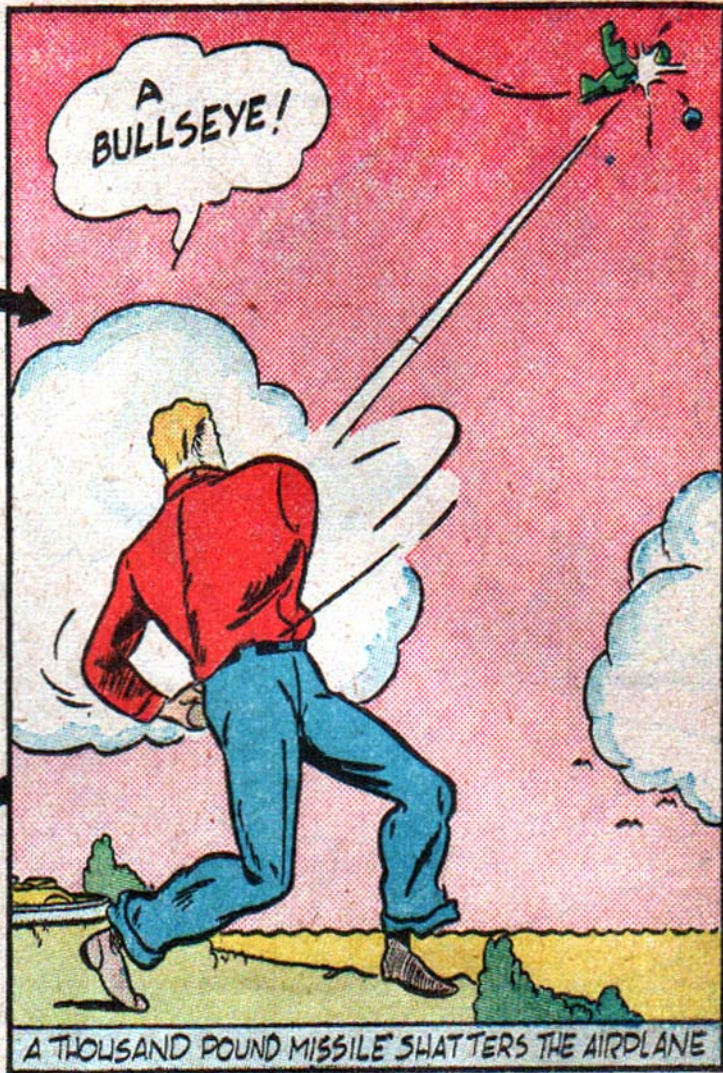
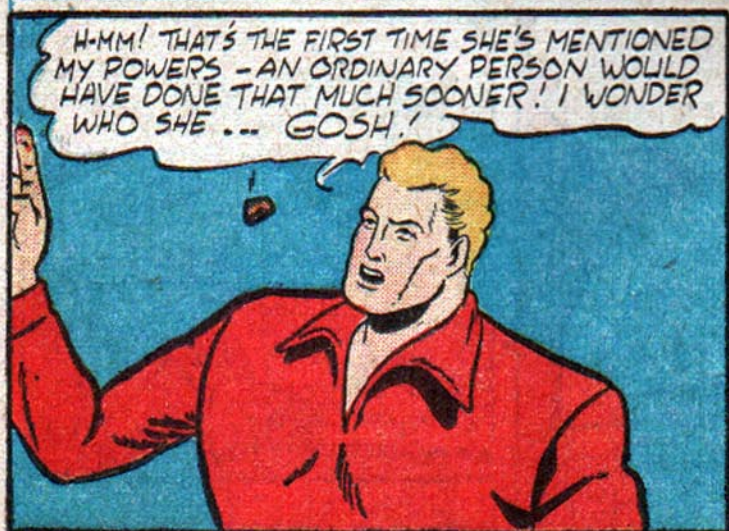
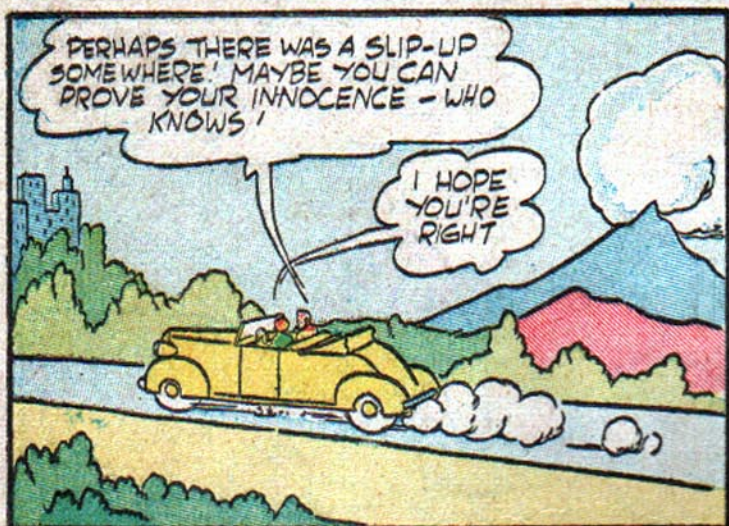
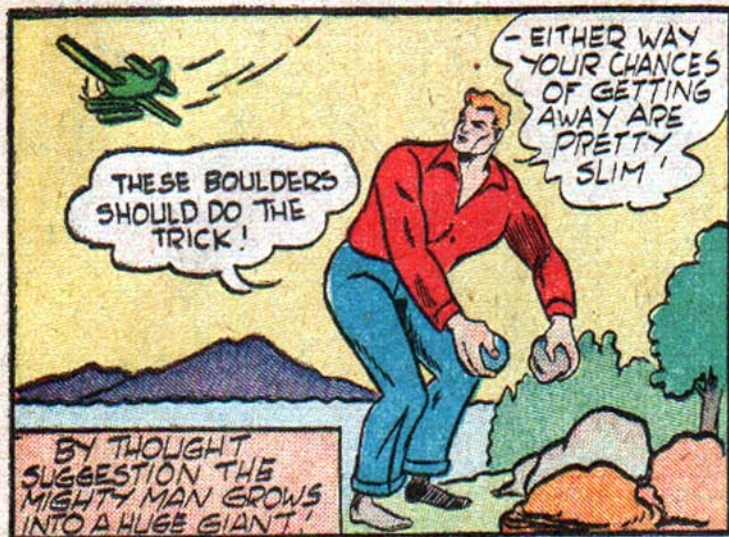
HA! I WAS TOLD TO KILL THE OCCUPANT OF THE CAR AND THAT'S WHAT I DID! HA!

THE KILLER GLOATS OVER WHAT HE THINKS HAS BEEN A SUCCESSFUL VENTURE!



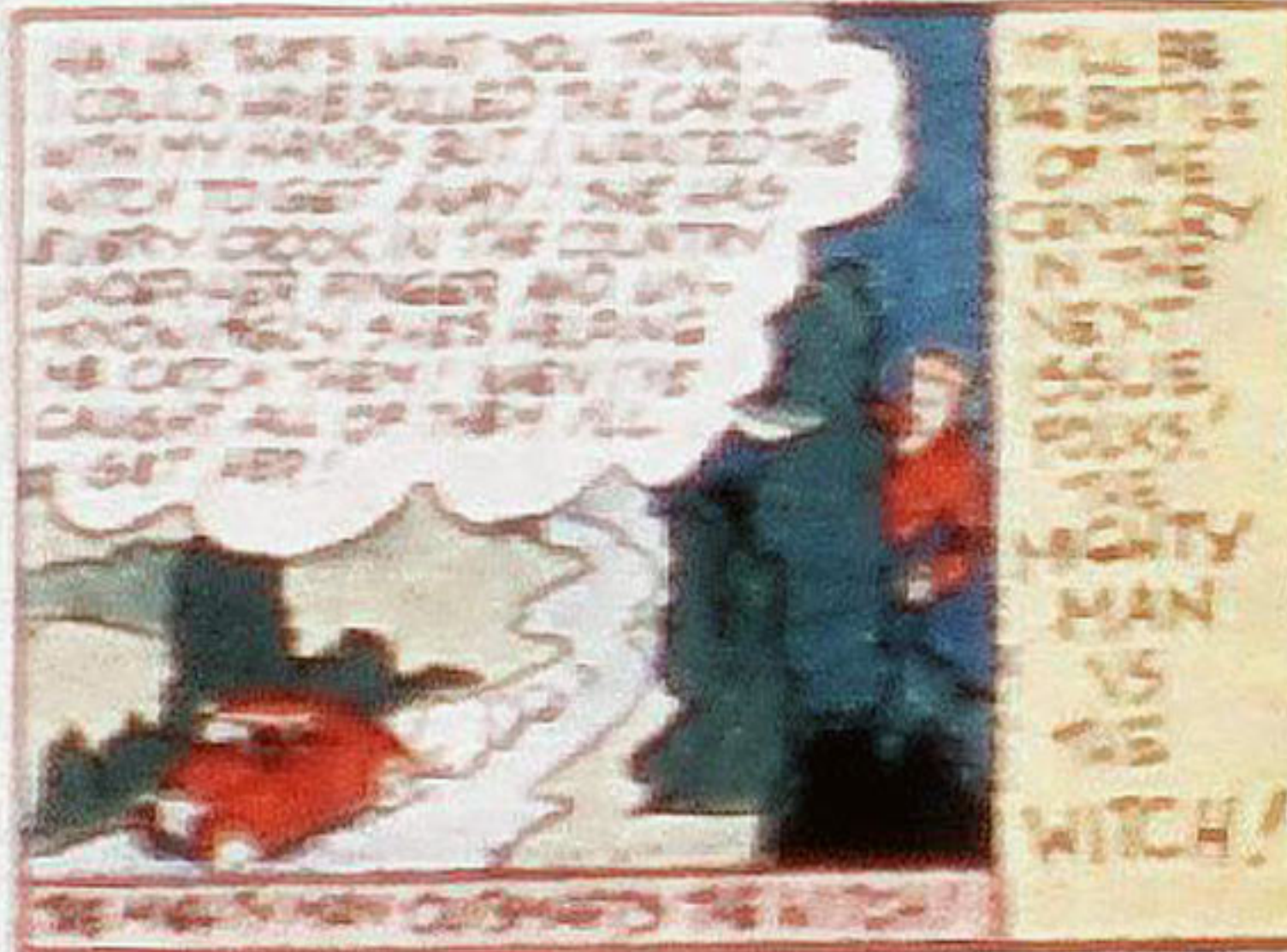
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU FELL FOR MY RUSE OR IF IT WAS PLANNED THAT WAY -

- BUT HE MERELY IRRICKED THE MIGHTY MAN!









Model for Death

Another
Amazing-Man
Adventure



By Duke Carey

AS he sat with Zona Henderson on the terrace of the fashionable resort hotel, John Aman, known also as the AMAZING-MAN and "The Green Man," wondered why his beautiful assistant wasn't as happy as he was.

He had consented to take what was seemingly a week's rest at the mountain resort in order to locate a mountain headquarters of his arch enemy, The Great Question, which he knew to be situated somewhere close to the hotel.

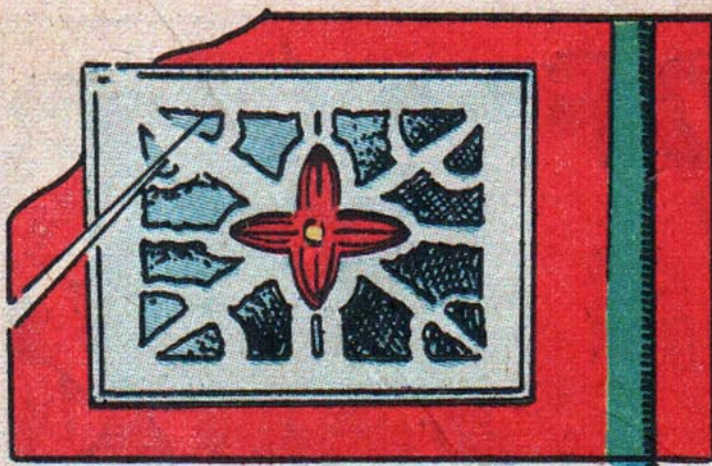
Then it all came out. Zona angrily threw down the little daily gossip paper published by the hotel for its fashionable guests. "They're staging a style show in the auditorium this evening, with all the most beautiful girls among the guests

modeling new fall costumes—and I haven't been invited to model one," she said. "I guess that makes me old Mother Hubbard, or somebody like that."

Aman had to smile to himself. Now wasn't that just like a girl? Here they were on the track of a gang of important criminals, and Zona worrying because she hadn't been invited to model in an amateur style show. "You're the prettiest girl in the hotel," he assured her.

"Evidently you're the only one who thinks it," she sniffed, but just then a man in perfect garb stopped and bowed to her.

"I have an honor to invite you to wear the most beautiful costume in at show this evening, Miss Henderson," he said. "Your costume, it will be sent to your suite this evening."



AMAN managed to be in the sitting room of Zona's suite when a hotel bell boy brought up a huge cardboard box that afternoon. "Class!" he said admiringly after the bell boy had gone with the large tip Aman handed him.

Zona didn't answer. She was too busy taking the lid from the big box. Aman noted the name, "Cotisse, Paris," on the lid.

The costume was indeed beautiful. An evening gown done in exquisite metal cloth with a headdress to match. "It is beautiful," he admitted, examining carefully every detail of the gown and headdress.

"It's gorgeous," Zona said enthusiastically, "but you can't tell anything about it until you see it on me, silly." Her tone implied that even with Aman's international reputation he was after all only a mere man.

Aman didn't resent her tone. He was looking narrowly at a little metal disk inside and on the right side of the headdress. The disk seemed to be only a nameplate of the makers, but something about it caught his interest.

The hotel presented a lively scene that evening as Aman waited in the lobby for the summons to Zona's sitting room. He was to get the first look at her in the new costume.

The male guests were in full dress for the occasion and excited young beauties fluttered about, each bent on being the most successful model in the fashionable style show.

AT last the phone call came and Aman hurried up to Zona's suite, stood gasping at her young beauty as she pirouetted before him. A phone call interrupted Zona's rapture and she went to answer it.

"It's the manager of the show," she told Aman. "It's just about time for my entrance and he'll meet us in the lobby."

"Exquisite, magnifique, Mademoiselle!" the little man exclaimed when he saw Zona approaching from the elevator. "You will be ze most bee-ootiful femme in ze show! Now follow me zis way, please."

He walked on ahead toward a long corridor, and Aman's eyes narrowed to slits when he saw that the main area way leading toward the auditorium had been roped off. He knew that death was lurking somewhere ahead, but wasn't sure from whence it would come.

Then Aman saw ahead of them a large grill-work panel and everything began clicking together in his trained mind. That little metal disk in Zona's headdress, the grill work panel by which she must pass.

"Go back, go back!" he yelled at her. "Don't pass that panel!" Zona screamed, then fled back-long the way she had come.

The little show manager wheeled on Aman, his face a chalky mask of anger and disappointment, but Aman was tearing loose the iron grill-work. It came out with one mighty tug from Aman's amazingly strong hands, then the Amazing-Man leaped through and struck a vicious fist blow at the face of a man who held a bright chromium ray lap in his hand.

LEAVING the man unconscious, he leaped back into the corridor and sprang thirty feet down the corridor in a lightning-like soaring movement at the fleeing manager.

"Keep both these birds till I can question them about that mountain hangout they came from," he told two surprised hotel detectives who came panting up to the scene. "Just now I want to examine this ray lamp that was to be used on Miss Henderson."

"Here's the plot as they had it worked out," he told the hotel detectives and police an hour later. "The so-called style-show manager was really in the employ of The Great Question, an international criminal who wanted her killed in order to weaken me in my fight against him."

"They had placed a disk of sensitized metal on the right side of her headdress, while the ray lamp would be used from the left. That would throw the ray through her brain. It wouldn't have killed her instantly and no one would ever have been able to trace that murder to them."

"After looking at that lamp, I'm sure you're right, Mr. Aman," the astounded captain of police said, "but how did you ever figure it out?"

Aman smiled. "It was all a matter of a simple mistake in spelling," he admitted. "You see, the name on the box in which the costume came was spelled 'Cotisse,' but on the metal disk they had placed inside the headdress they had left out one 'S', and that set me to thinking."

"YOU'VE saved my life once more, John Aman," Zona said gratefully as they stood in the moonlight on the terrace after the excitement had died down. "You really have, and I'm grateful to you, but—" Her face clouded.

"But what?" Aman asked absently. His mind was busy on the problem of locating that criminal hangout in the mountains.

"But—" Zona hesitated, then came out with it. "But you'll never know how disappointed I am that I didn't get to model that beautiful costume."

"Girls!" Aman said in the tone that men and boys use about girls at times like that. "Girls and their ways—I'll never understand them."

The End

FRUITS OF DEATH

A ROCKE WAYBURN
NAVAL-BASE
ADVENTURE

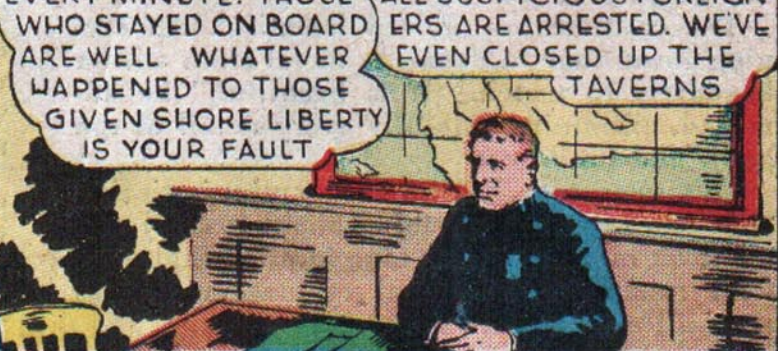


A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE
ATTACKS SAILORS AND
CIVILIANS AT ONE OF
UNCLE SAM'S BIG NAVAL
BASES. POLICE AND NAVAL
OFFICERS ARE BAFFLED.
THEN "FIGHTING ROCKE
WAYBURN" ADVENTURER,
TAKES A HAND

AT THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE CHIEF, THE
COMMANDER OF THE NAVAL BASE SPEAKS HIS MIND

EIGHTEEN OF OUR MEN ARE DEAD ON
ONE DESTROYER ALONE, AND MORE
TAKING SICK EVERY MINUTE. THOSE
WHO STAYED ON BOARD
ARE WELL. WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO THOSE
GIVEN SHORE LIBERTY
IS YOUR FAULT

BUT I TELL YOU, SIR, WE'VE
CHECKED EVERY POINT.
ALL SUSPICIOUS FOREIGN-
ERS ARE ARRESTED. WE'VE
EVEN CLOSED UP THE
TAVERNS



DEATH STALKS OVER THE
GREAT FLEET. A FEW
CIVILIANS ASHORE ARE
DEAD, BUT THE NAVY
SEEMS TO BE TAKING
THE BRUNT OF THE
MYSTERIOUS MENACE



AS SO OFTEN
HAPPENS
ROCKE
WAYBURN
SHOWS UP
WHERE
TROUBLE
IS THE
THICKEST

AHOY, ROCKE, YE'VE COME
TO A TROUBLED PORT
THERE'S DEATH ABROAD!

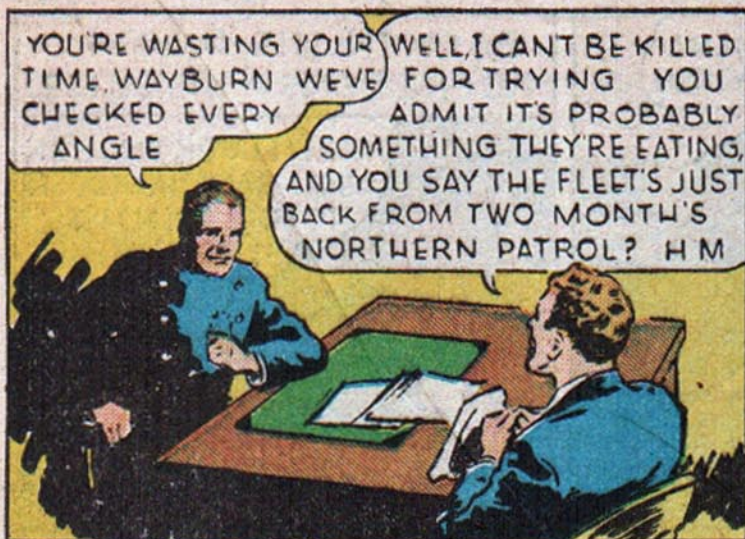
SO I'VE HEARD



YOU HANG AROUND, JHIM,
I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT

YOU LOOK FOR
MO' TROUBLE,
CAPN WAYBUHN!





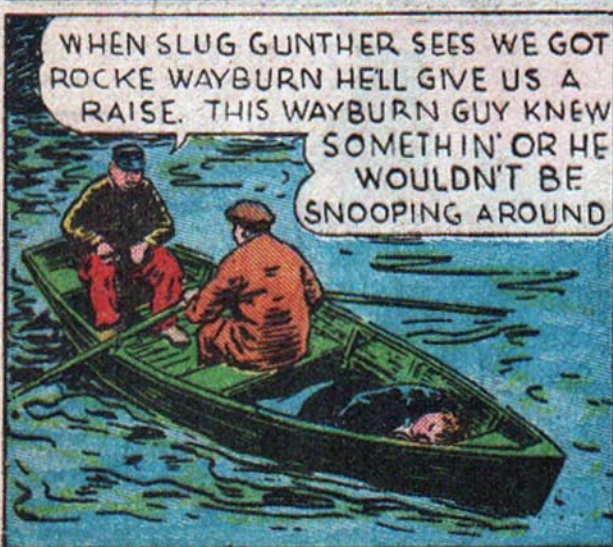
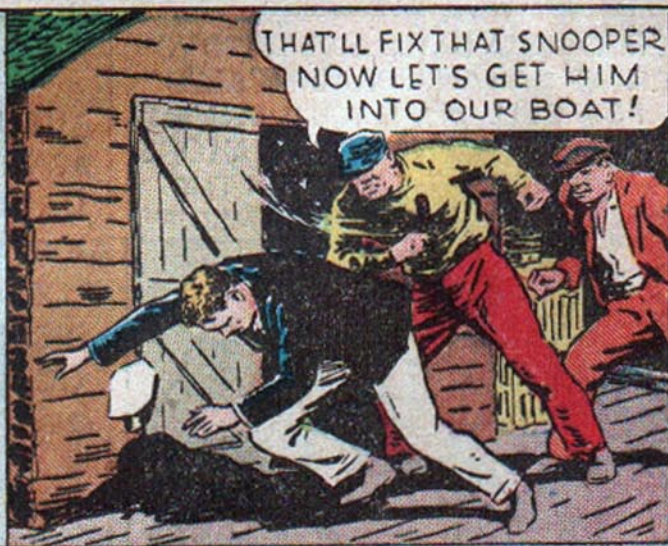
BUT ROCKE WAYBURN WASN'T CRAZY. HE WAS USING HIS BRAIN, THINKING OF WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT SAILORS.



SURE HIS HUNCH IS RIGHT, ROCKE SEARCHES THE DOCKS FOR A FRUIT SHIP.



BUT AS HE STARTS FOR A BOAT TO FOLLOW THE SUSPICIOUS CRAFT.



THE EFFECT OF THE BLOW THAT KNOCKED ROCKE UNCONSCIOUS IS WAVING. AT THE MENTION OF SLUG GUNTHER'S NAME, ROCKE'S BRAIN BEGINS TO WORK. HE AND SLUG ARE OLD ENEMIES.



SUDDENLY
THE TWO
KIDNAPERS
THINK THEY
ARE DEALING
WITH A
MANIAC!

SO YOU'RE SLUG GUNTHER'S MEN!
I HEARD SLUG HAD BEEN TRADING
FOR BANANAS DOWN
ON THE ISLANDS!



BACK IN HIS ROOM
ROCKE DONS A DISGUISE

THERE! I LOOK ENOUGH
LIKE A BANANA PEDDLER
TO FOOL EVEN MYSELF
SLUG GUNTHER
WOULDN'T
KNOW ME!



THE
DISGUISED
ROCKE
APPROACHES
THE
FRUIT
SHIP

I'M A WANTA BUY
SOMA DOSE
CHEAP BANAN

JUST A MINUTE
TILL I SEE
THE CAPTAIN



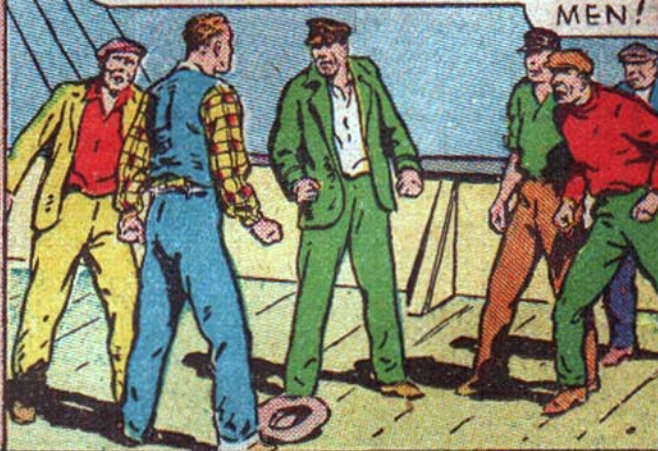
I'M A WANTA DA
CHEAP BANAN'
FOR SELL

I'LL GIVE 'EM TO YOU
FOR A DIME A BUNCH
IF YOU'LL SELL 'EM
TO THE SAILORS
ON THE
GUNBOATS



BUT JUST
AS ROCKE
HAS THE
MURDEROUS
PLOT SOLVED
DISASTER
OCCURS!

ROCKE WAYBURN - - YOU'LL NEVER LIVE
TO GET OFF THIS SHIP. GRAB HIM
MEN!



FIGHTING
FOR HIS LIFE,
OUTNUMBERED
ROCKE
BACKS
THROUGH
A DOOR!

I'LL MESS SOME OF
YOU UP BEFORE YOU
GET ME!

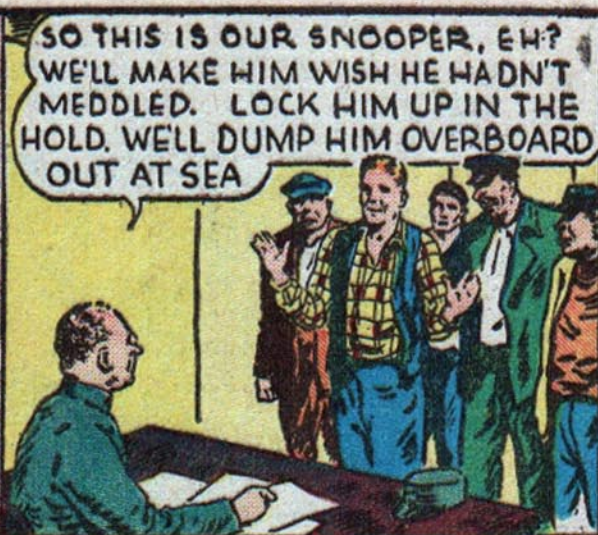




AND NOW I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE GUY THAT'S BEHIND THIS POISONING SCHEME. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

BUT ROCKE IS FINALLY OVERPOWERED

ROCKE FACES THE MASTER-MIND BEHIND THE MURDEROUS PLOT AGAINST THE AMERICAN NAVY



SO THIS IS OUR SNOOPER, EH? WE'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE HADN'T MEDDLED. LOCK HIM UP IN THE HOLD. WE'LL DUMP HIM OVERBOARD OUT AT SEA



THIS ROOM IS BELOW THE WATER LINE ALRIGHT. HERE'S HOPING THAT SUB-CHASER HAS ITS UNDERWATER FINDING INSTRUMENT OPEN

ON DECK PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO GET UNDER WAY



HURRY UP WITH THAT ANCHOR! WE HAF TA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE ANYONE ELSEWISSES UP TO OUR GAME!



STAND BY TO BE BOARDED

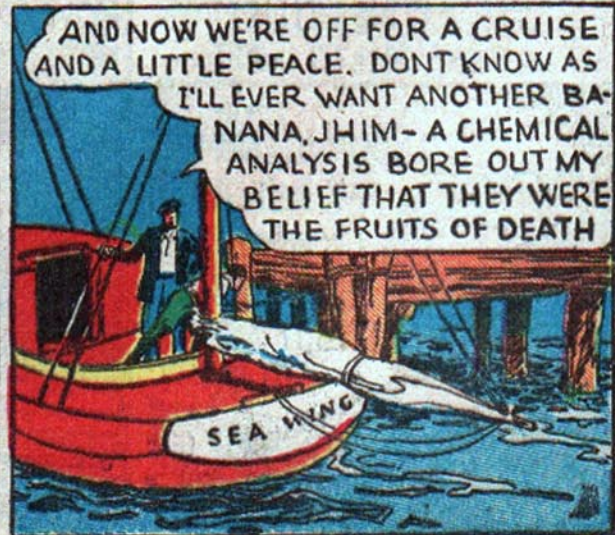
BUT THE NAVY TAKES A HAND



YOUR MORSE CODE MESSAGE CAME THROUGH OUR SUBMARINE-FINDING INSTRUMENT BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SEND IT?

WHY, I JUST POUNDED IT OUT WITH THE HEEL OF MY SHOE ON THE STEEL PLATES OF THE BOAT. I FIGURED YOUR INSTRUMENT WAS SENSITIVE ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE VIBRATIONS

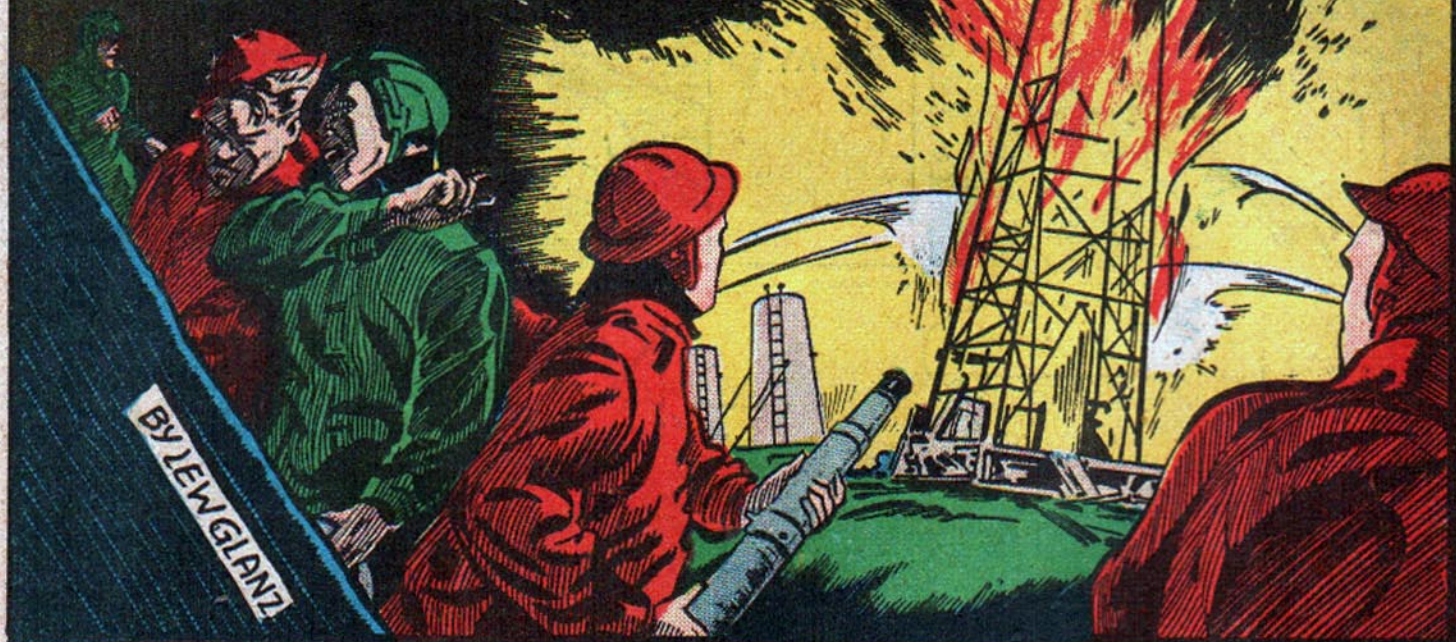
RESCUED



AND NOW WE'RE OFF FOR A CRUISE AND A LITTLE PEACE. DONT KNOW AS I'LL EVER WANT ANOTHER BANANA, JHIM- A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS BORE OUT MY BELIEF THAT THEY WERE THE FRUITS OF DEATH

THE

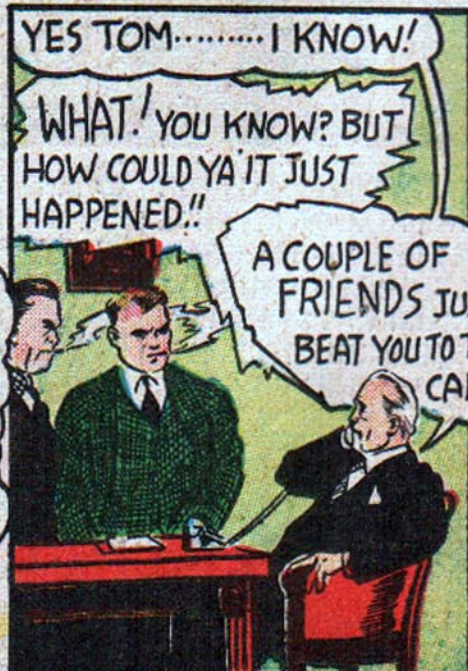
SHARK



ONE OF THE OIL WELLS AT THE W.W. WATTS FIELDS, IN TEXAS HAS JUST CAUGHT ON FIRE! TOM, THE FOREMAN AT THE WELL IS MAKING A PHONE CALL TO WATTS....



HELLO, BOSS! WELL NUMBER FIVE JUST CAUGHT ON FIRE!!! TWO MEN STARTED IT. BUT THEY GOT AWAY!



YES TOM..... I KNOW!

WHAT! YOU KNOW? BUT HOW COULD YA IT JUST HAPPENED!!

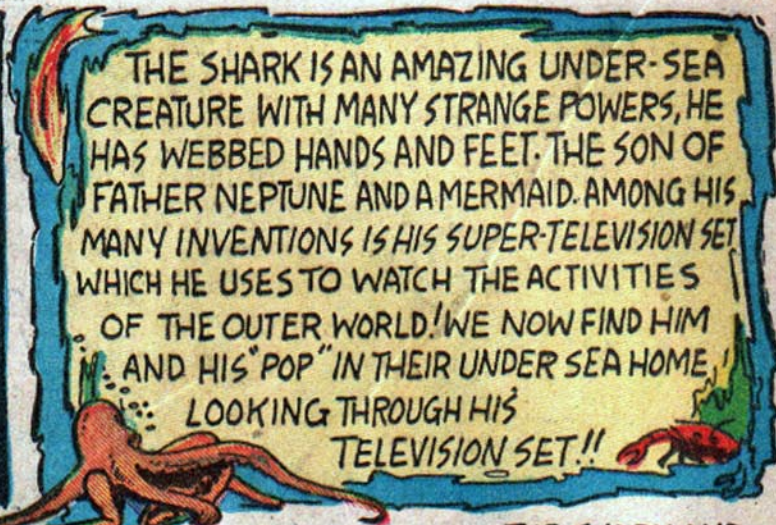
A COUPLE OF FRIENDS JUST BEAT YOU TO THE CALL!



HANG UP!..... O.K... COME ON- QUIT YOUR HORSEIN' AROUND, BUY OUR INSURANCE OR YOU WON'T HAVE A WELL STAND- ING TOMORROW! THIS ONE FIRE IS JUST A SAMPLE!



IN HIS SEA HOME, THE SHARK SEES THE FIRE IN HIS SUPER TELEVISION SET!



THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH MANY STRANGE POWERS, HE HAS WEBBED HANDS AND FEET. THE SON OF FATHER NEPTUNE AND A MERMAID. AMONG HIS MANY INVENTIONS IS HIS SUPER-TELEVISION SET WHICH HE USES TO WATCH THE ACTIVITIES OF THE OUTER WORLD! WE NOW FIND HIM AND HIS "POP" IN THEIR UNDER SEA HOME, LOOKING THROUGH HIS TELEVISION SET!!



WHAT DO YA' SEE SON? ANOTHER FIGHT FER US...
----- I HOPE!!



YES POP! A REAL TOUGH BABY TOO-A FIGHT AGAINST FIRE!!

THE SHARK AND POP DISAPPEAR LEAVING A SMALL POOL OF WATER



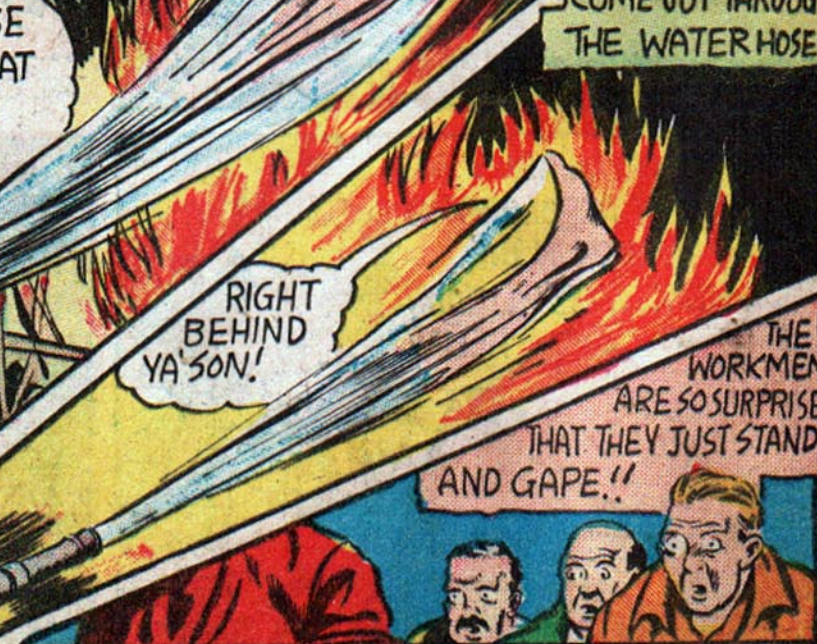
BACK AT THE WELLS THE MEN ARE STILL WORKING FEVERISHLY



LATER NOW I'LL SEE IF WE CAN CHECK THESE FIRES!



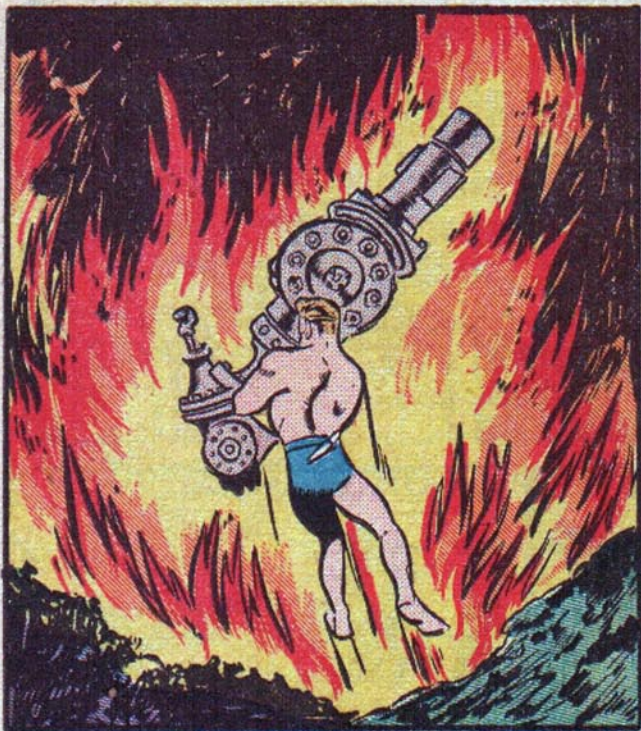
DROP THAT WATER HOSE QUICK FRANK! LOOK WHAT JUST CAME THROUGH IT-A WATER SPIRIT



THE SHARK AND POP COME OUT THROUGH THE WATER HOSE

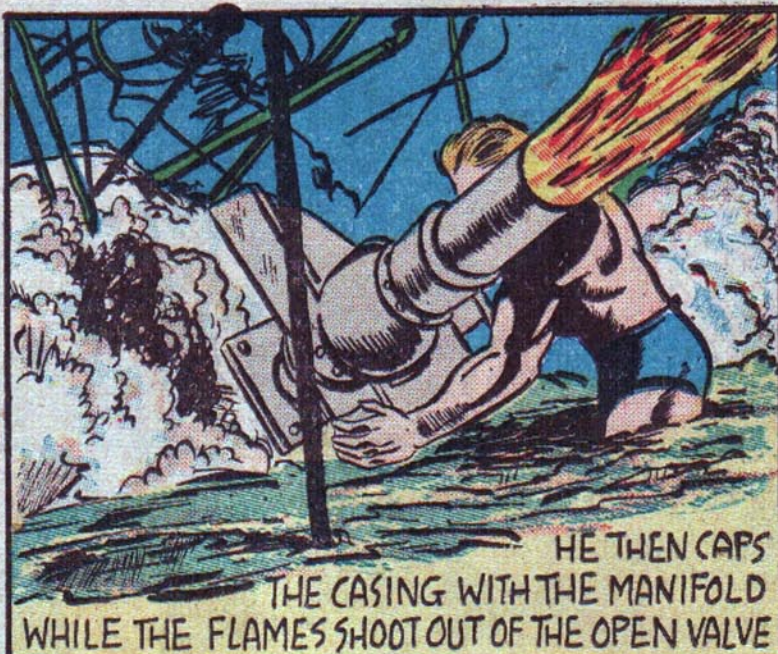
RIGHT BEHIND YA' SON!

THE WORKMEN ARE SO SURPRISED THAT THEY JUST STAND AND GAPE!!



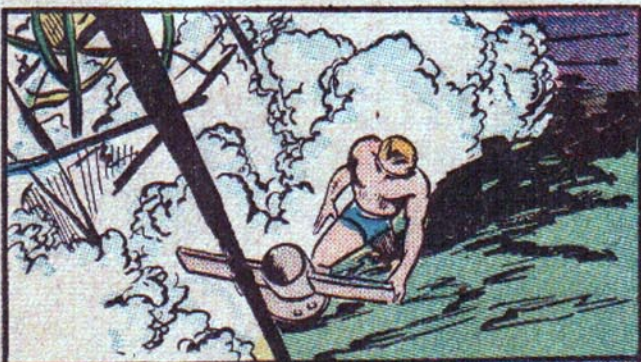
THE SHARK QUICKLY PICKS UP A LARGE MANIFOLD AND DASHES INTO THE FLAMING OIL!

Usually fire fighters drop a charge of nitroglycerin at the base of the blaze. The shock of the explosion breaks the flow of oil and creates a vacuum, driving out the air which a fire must have to burn. THEN the manifold is placed on the casing after which the upper valve is closed. Next, the lower valves,-----



HE THEN CAPS THE CASING WITH THE MANIFOLD WHILE THE FLAMES SHOOT OUT OF THE OPEN VALVE

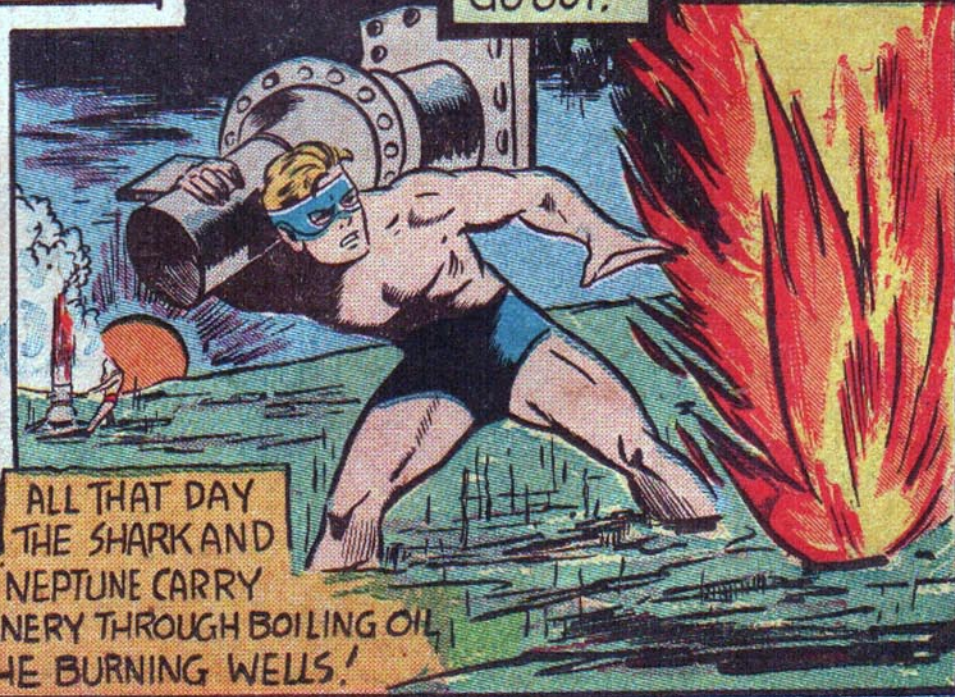
...connected with flow lines leading out of the crater, are open and the oil-filled gas passes through the lines out to separators and tanks.



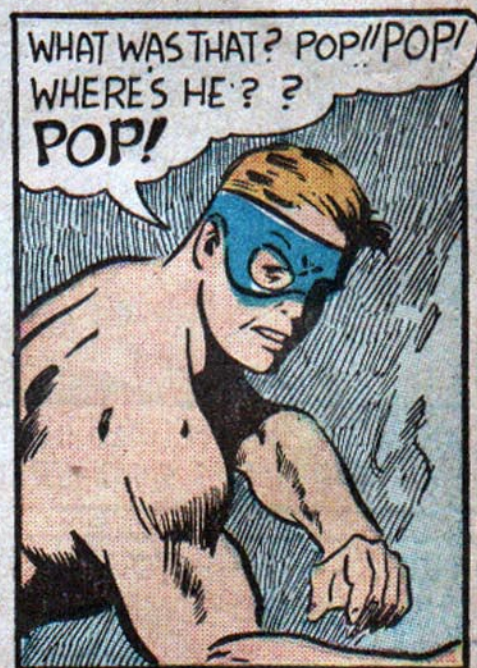
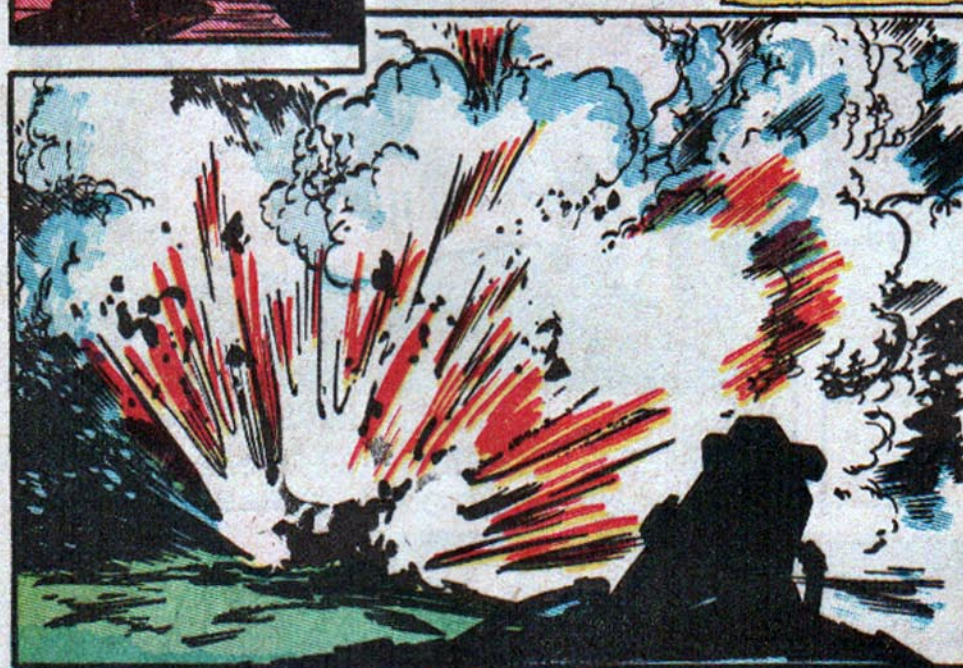
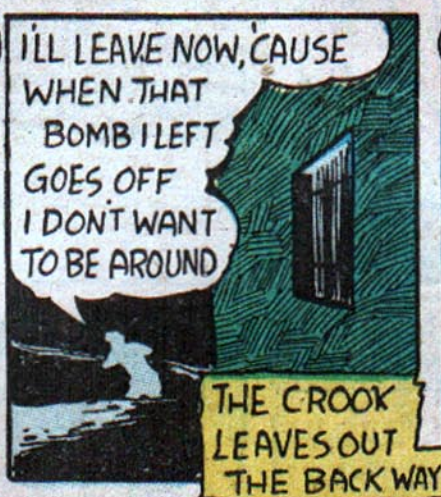
WHEN THE SHARK CLOSES THE TOP VALVE THE FIRE IS SMOTHERED!



THE GAPING WORKMEN SUDDENLY TURN INTO A CHEERING CROWD WHEN THEY SEE THE FIRE GO OUT!

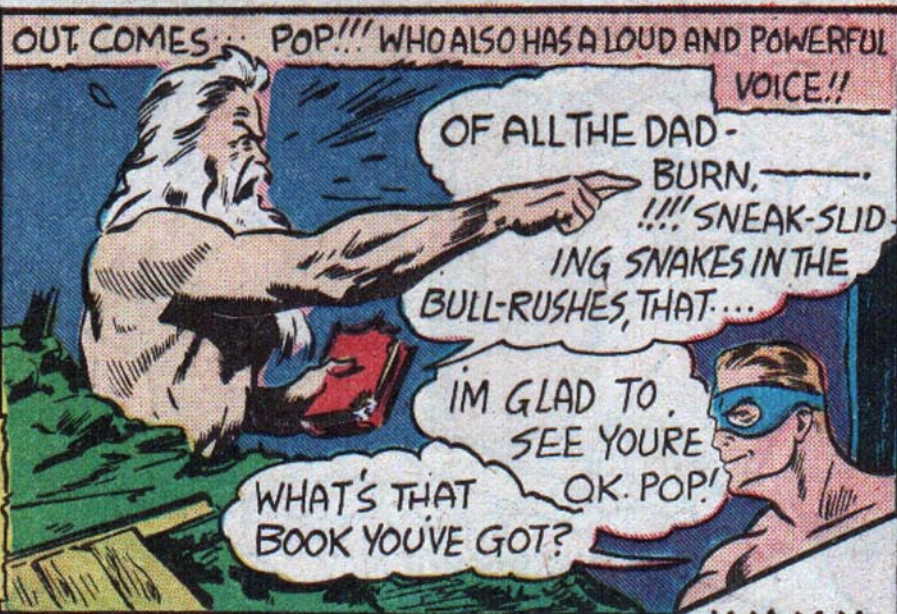


ALL THAT DAY THE SHARK AND POP NEPTUNE CARRY TONS OF MACHINERY THROUGH BOILING OIL TO PUT OUT ALL THE BURNING WELLS!





SUDDENLY
A POWERFUL
ARM SHOOTS OUT
OF THE DEBRIS, AND



OUT COMES... POP!!! WHO ALSO HAS A LOUD AND POWERFUL

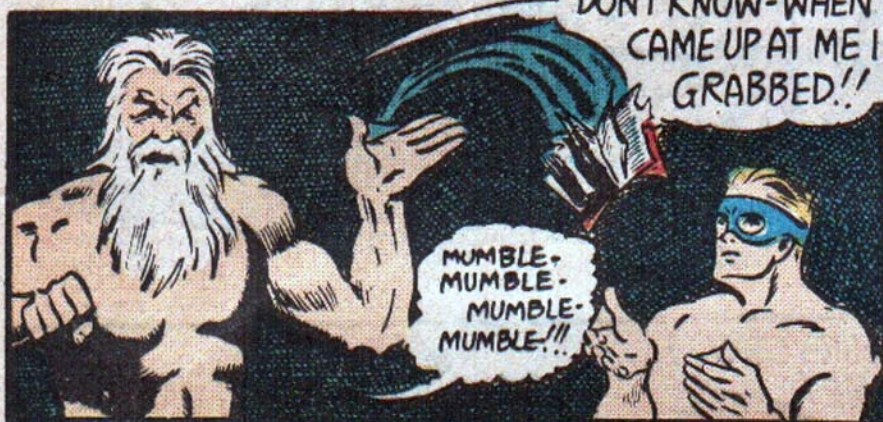
VOICE!!

OF ALL THE DAD-
BURN, ———
!!!! SNEAK-SLID-
ING SNAKES IN THE
BULL-RUSHES, THAT...

I'M GLAD TO
SEE YOU'RE
OK. POP!

WHAT'S THAT
BOOK YOU'VE GOT?

M-M-M-M-



DON'T KNOW—WHEN THE FLOOR
CAME UP AT ME I JUST
GRABBED!!

MUMBLE-
MUMBLE-
MUMBLE-
MUMBLE!!!

THERE'S ENOUGH
EVIDENCE IN THIS SMALL
BOOK TO SEND THOSE
CROOKS UP THE RIVER FOR
LIFE ———
ADDRESSES AN!
..... ADDRESSES
SAY!! MAYBE WE
CAN FIND THEM
THROUGH THESE
ADDRESSES

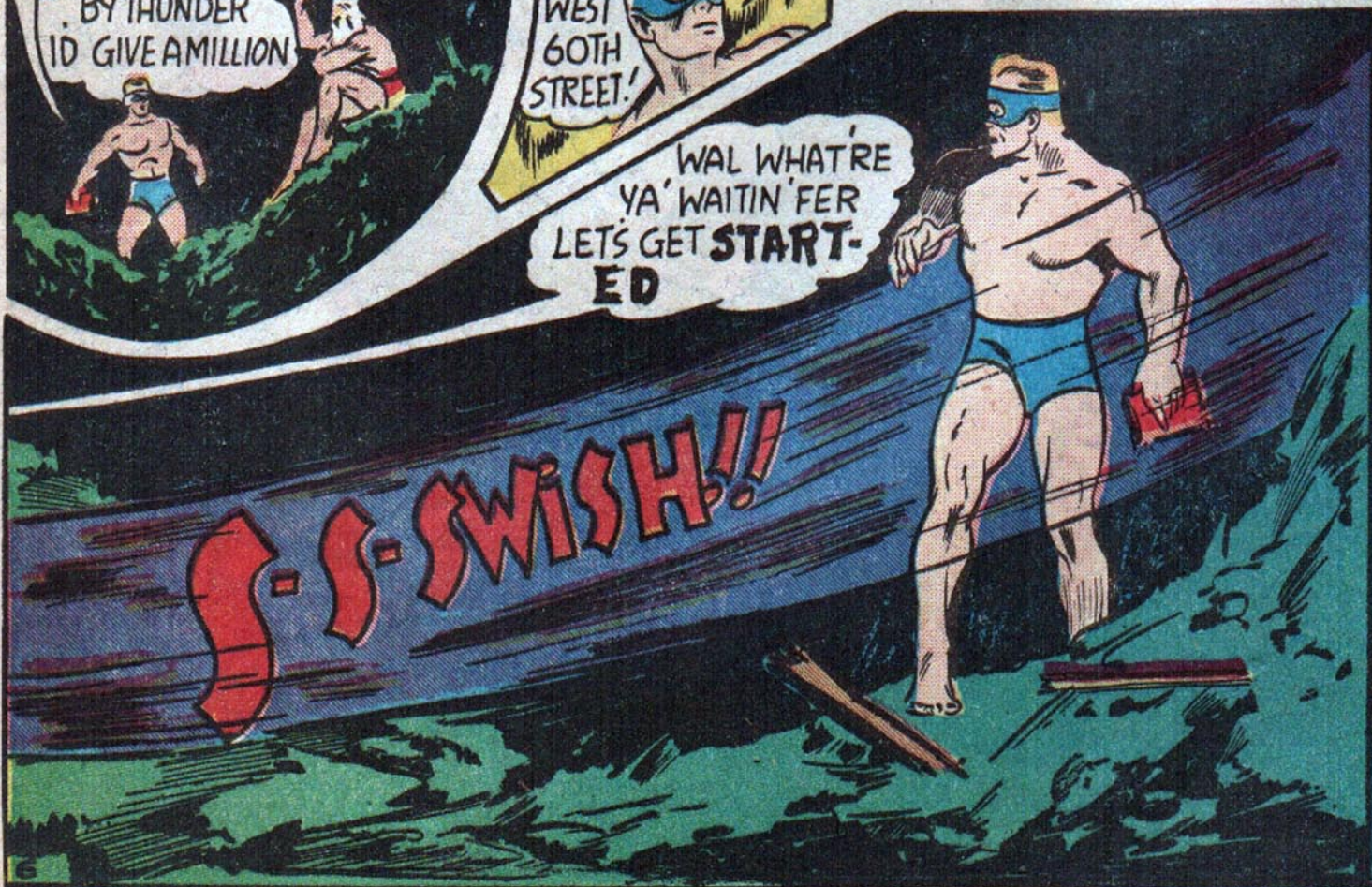


WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET THAT FELLOW
POP!!

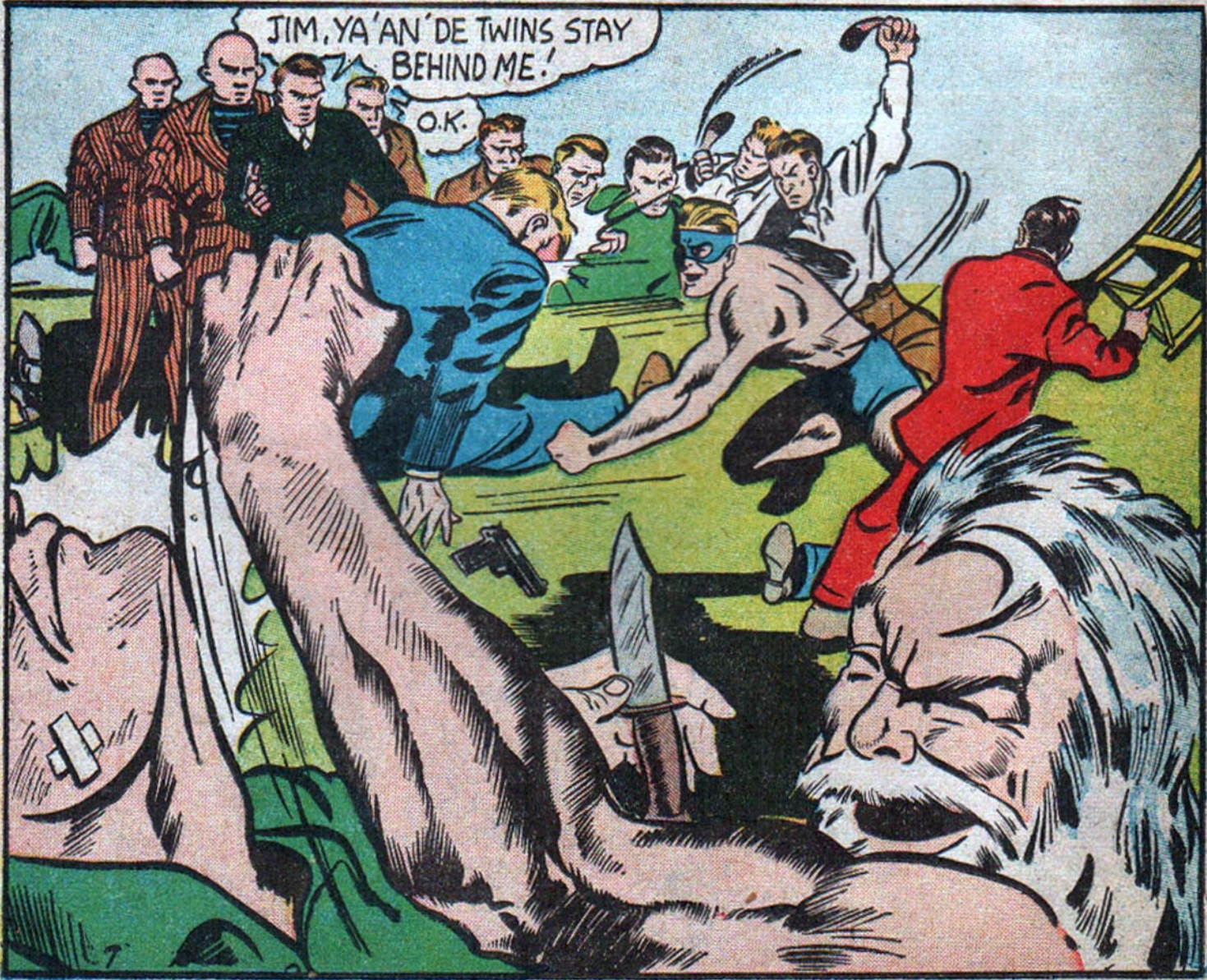
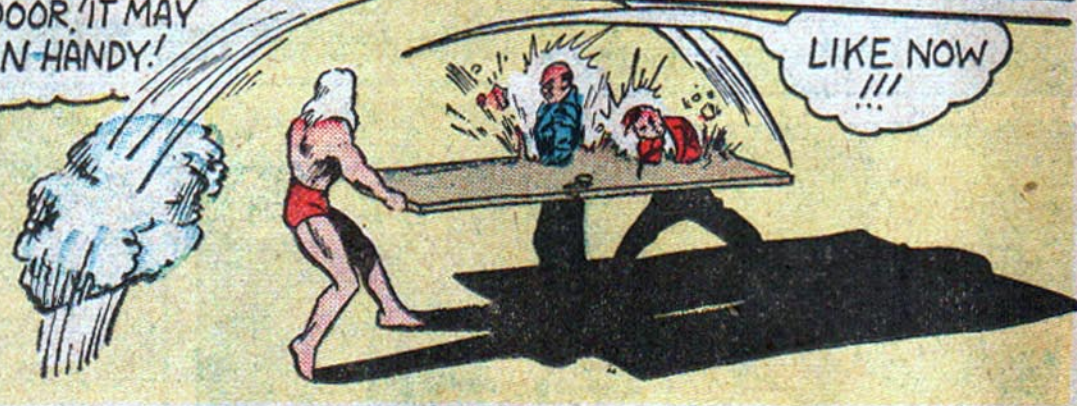
BY THUNDER
I'D GIVE A MILLION

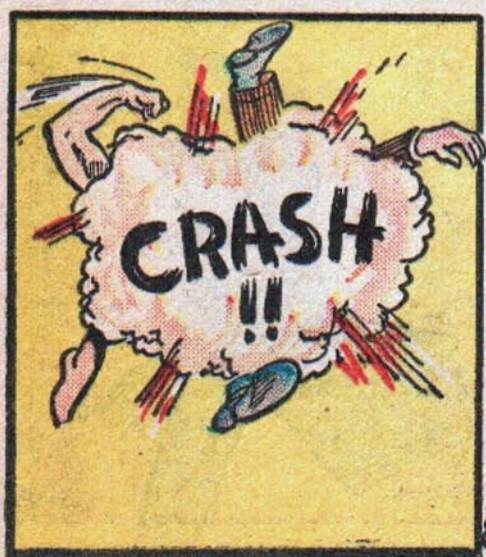
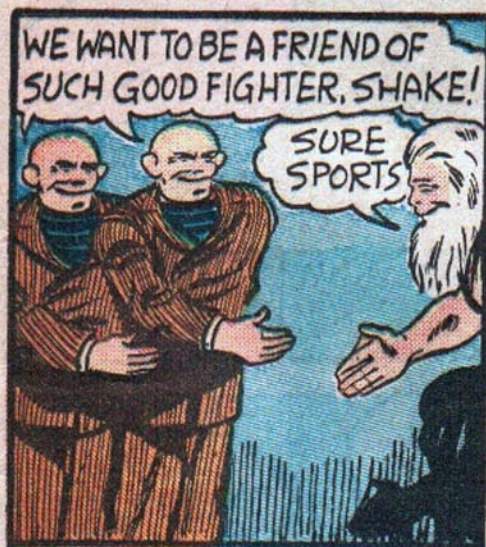
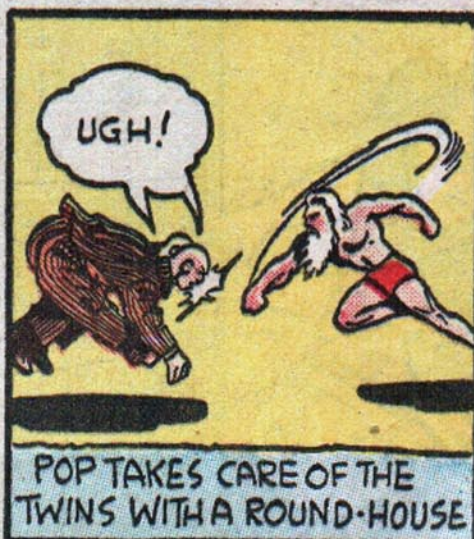
OK. FIRST STOP IS
40
WEST
60TH
STREET!

WAL WHAT'RE
YA' WAITIN' FER
LET'S GET **START-
ED**



S-S-SWISH!!

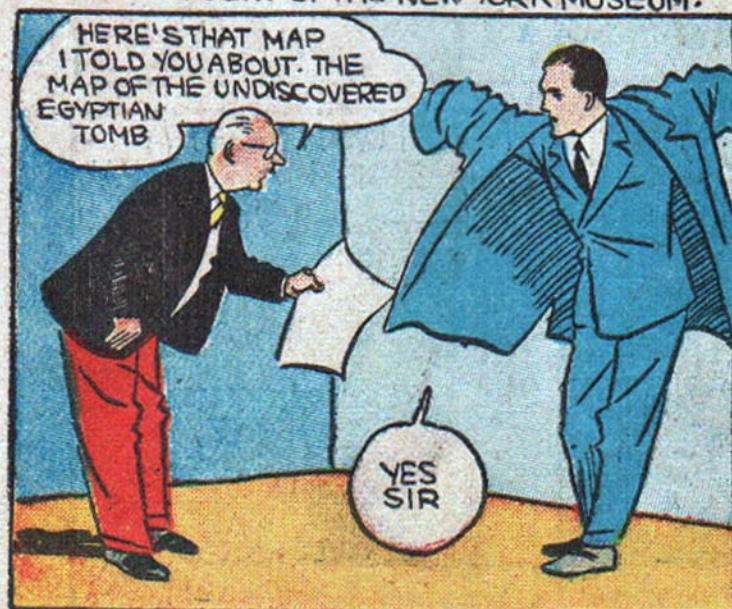




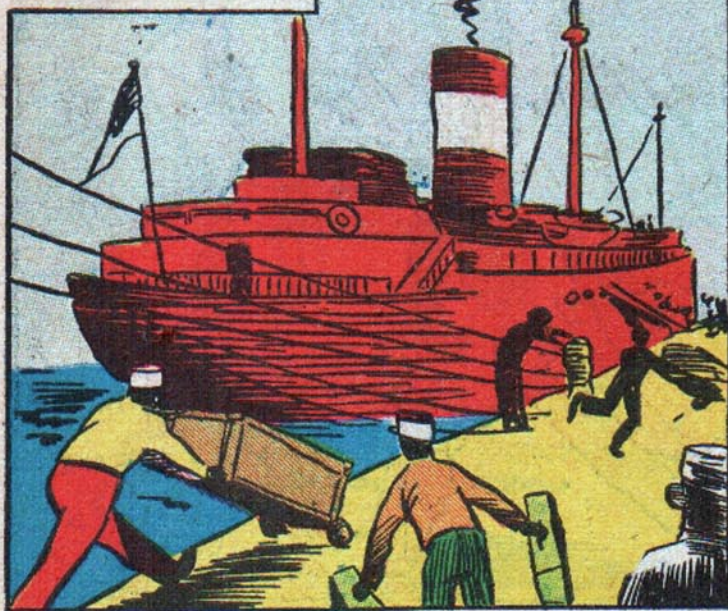
REEF KINKAID

BY
BOB LUBBERS

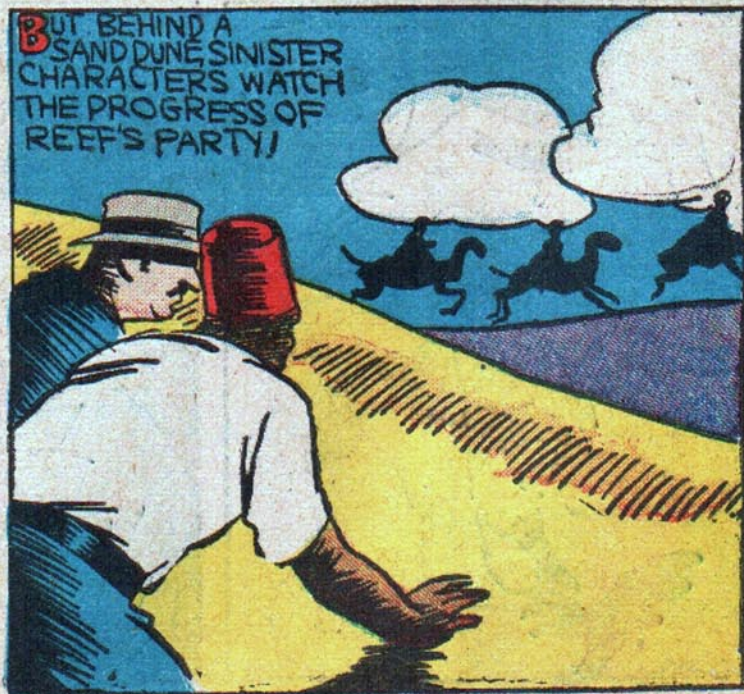
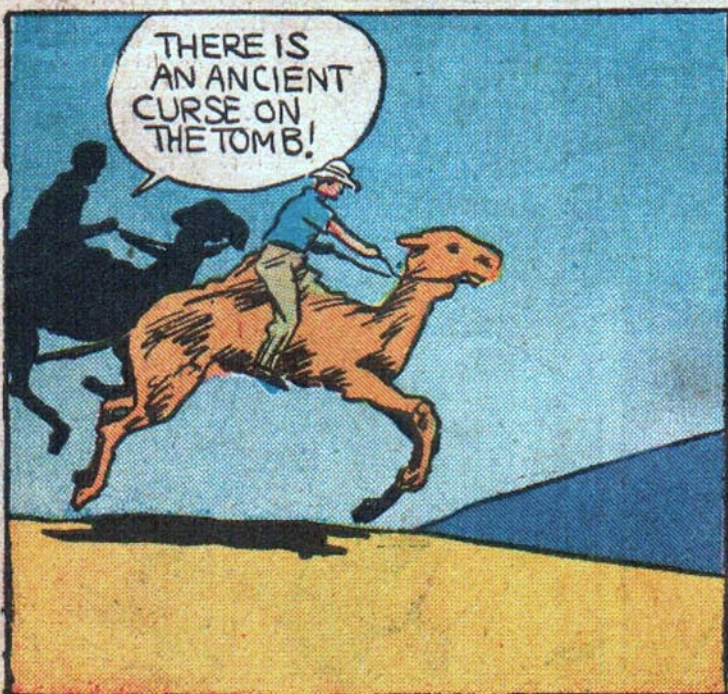
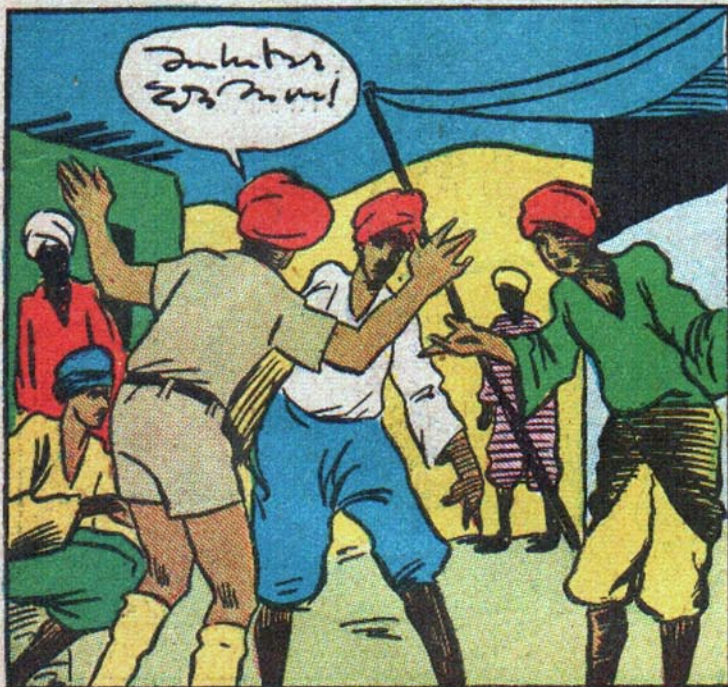
REEF KINKAID, ADVENTURER AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE HAS JUST ARRIVED IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK MUSEUM.

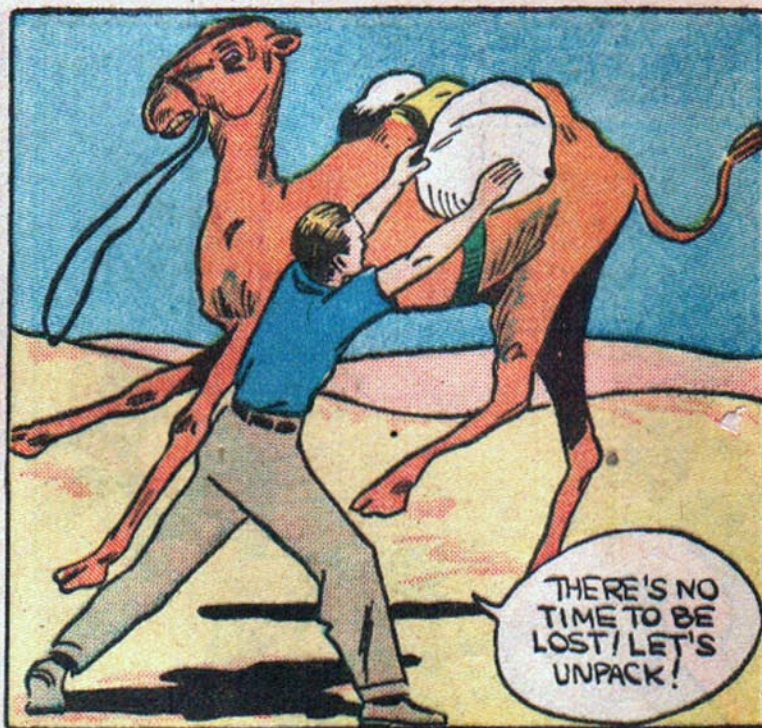
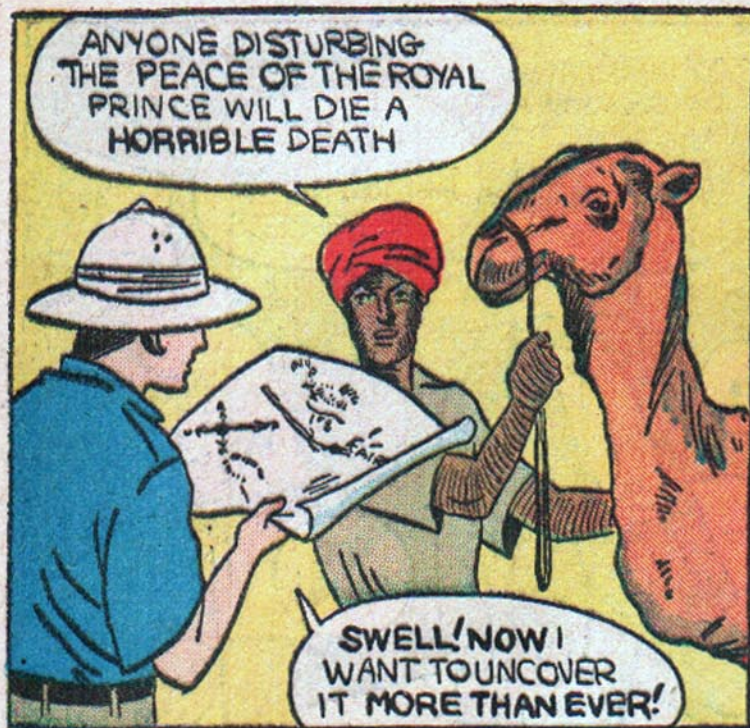


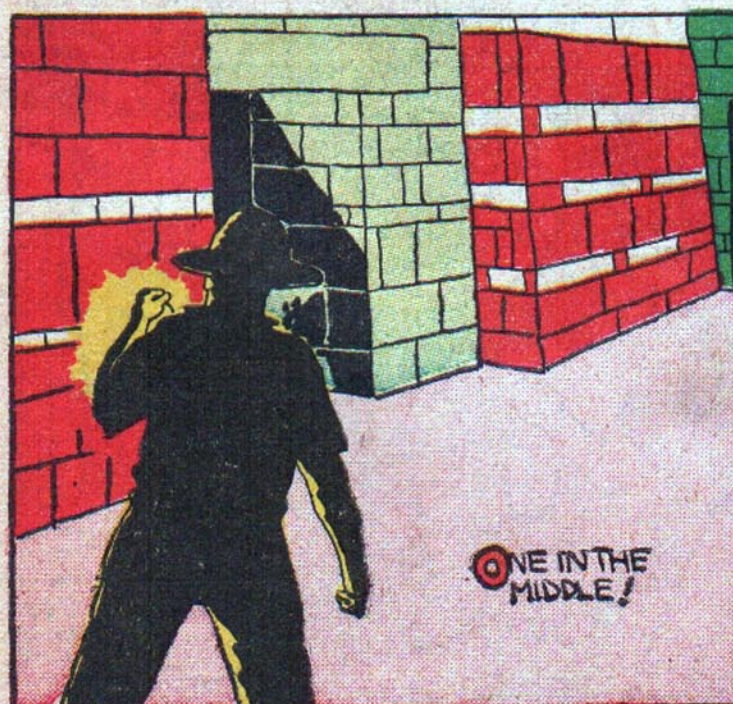
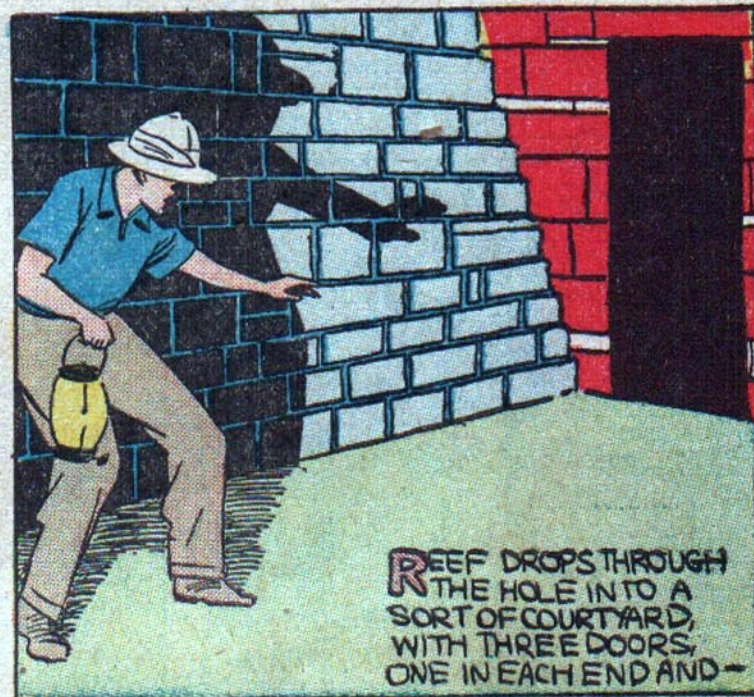
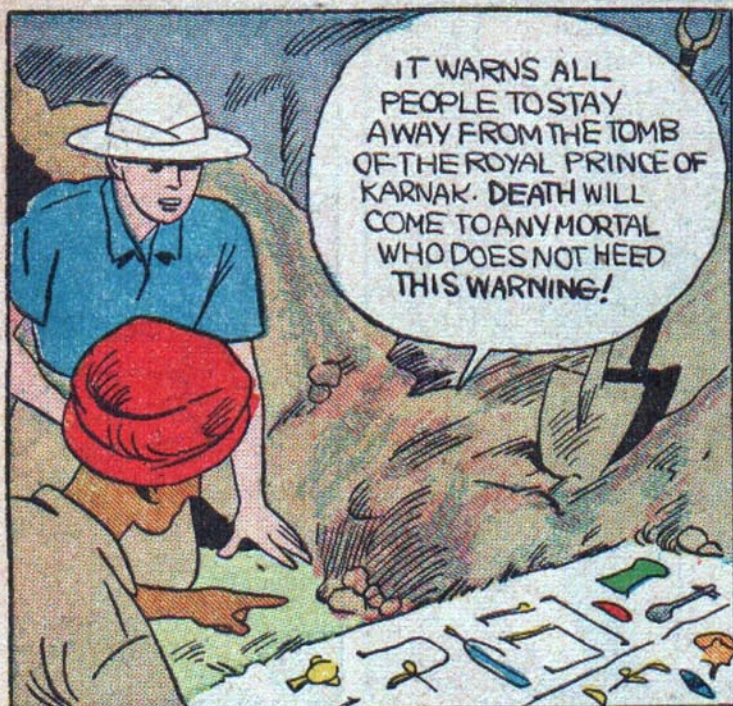
SEVERAL WEEKS
LATER, IN CAIRO,
EGYPT ---

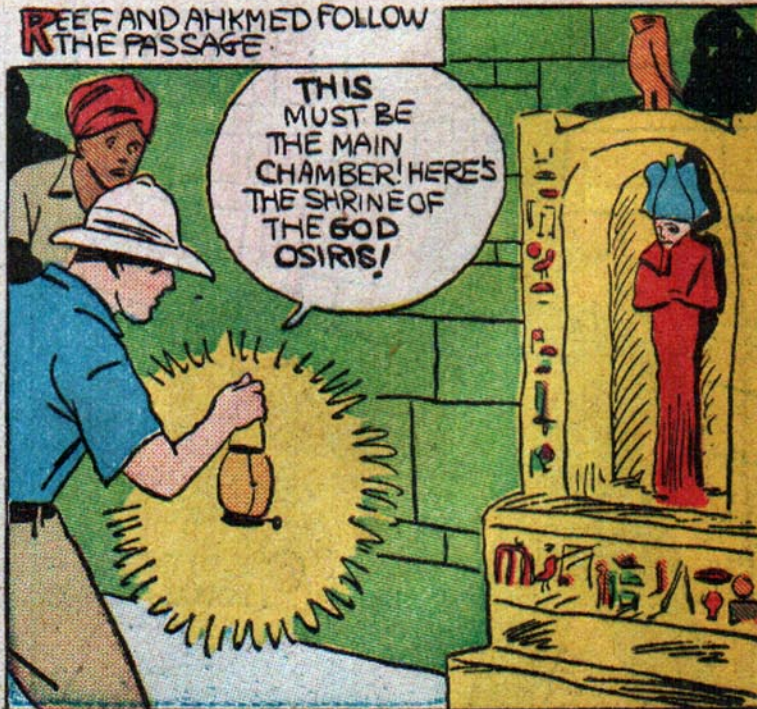
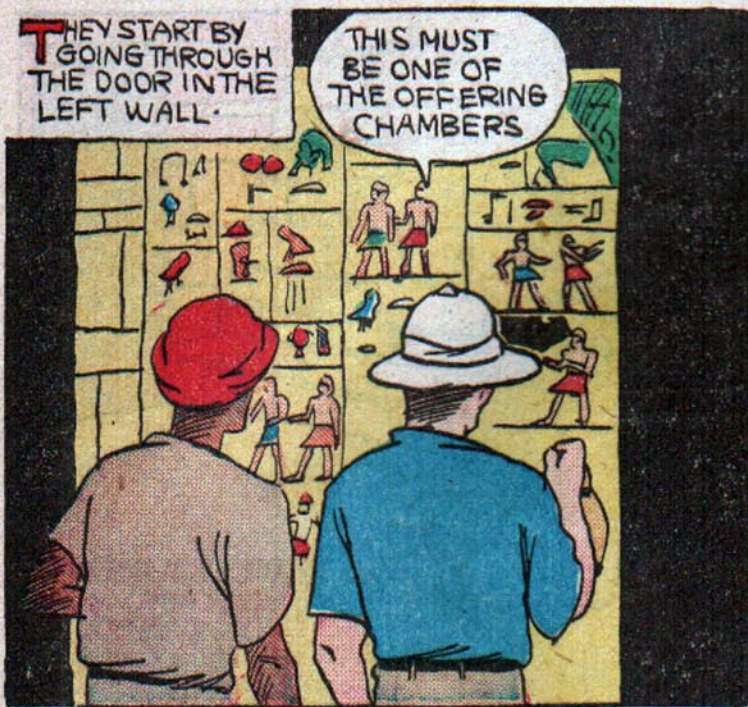
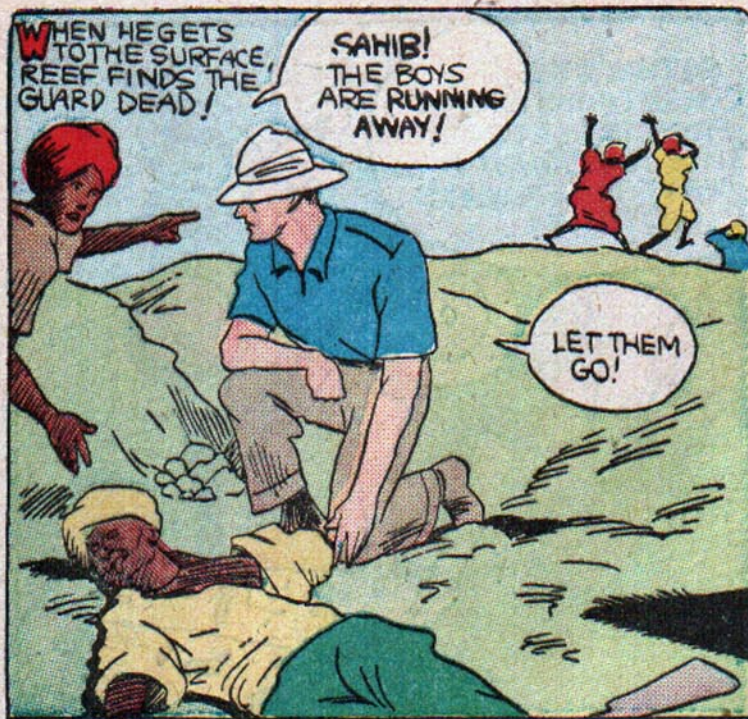


REEF IS TALKING
TO AHKMED, HIS
NATIVE ASSISTANT

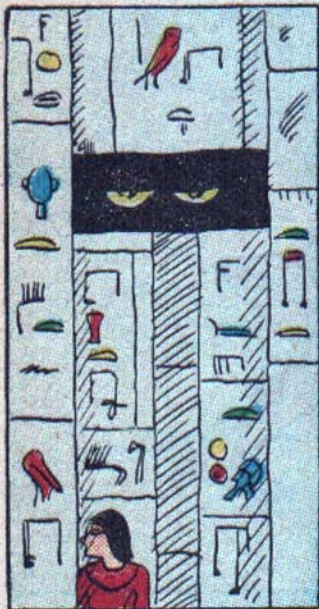








MEANWHILE, TWO
EVIL EYES WATCH
THEIR EVERY MOVE



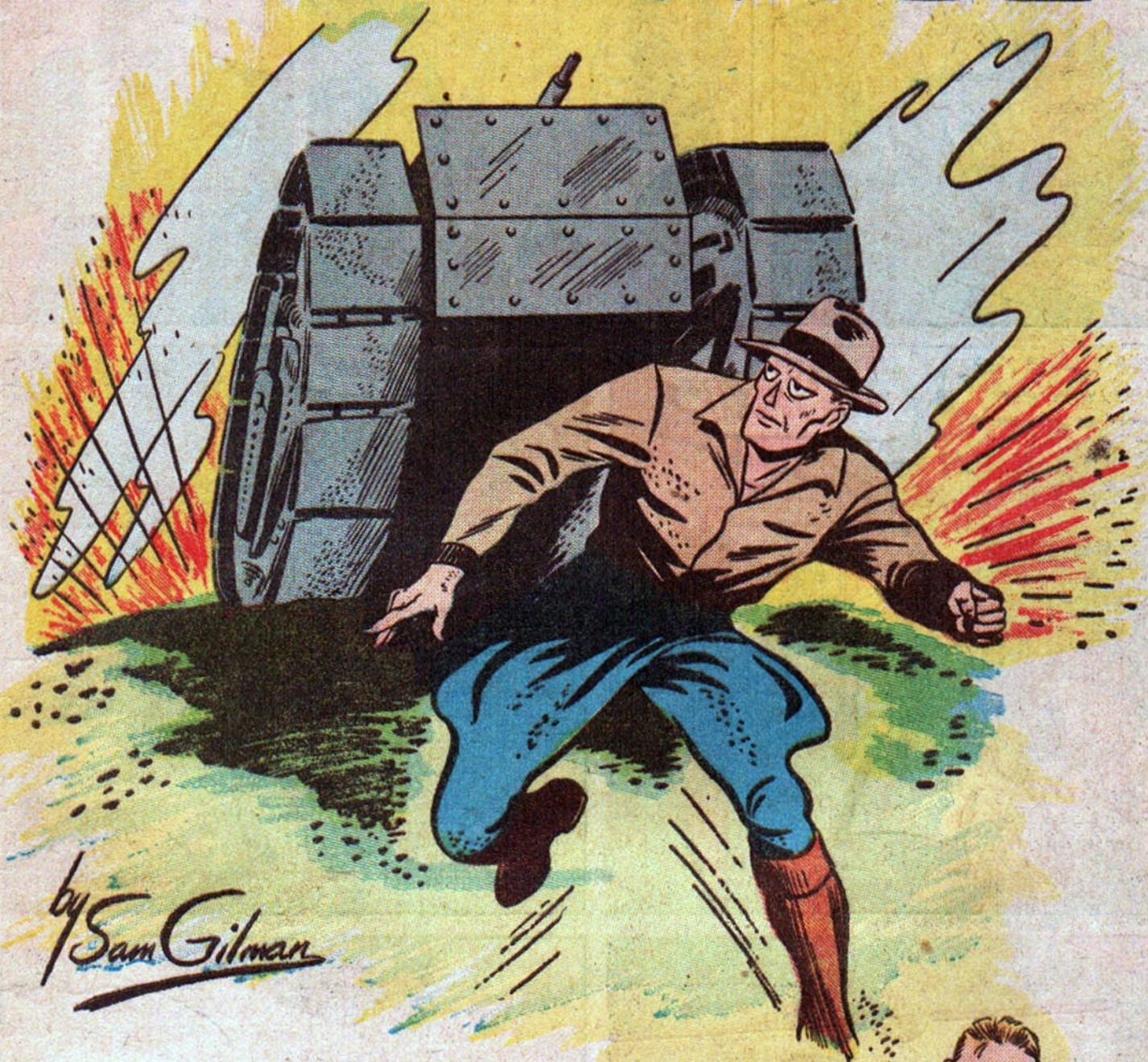
AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, REEF SEES A GIANT
EGYPTIAN STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM WITH A
SCARAB HANGING AROUND HIS NECK.



THE GIANT STUMBLES AND FALLS ON AN EGYPTIAN SPIKED URN!

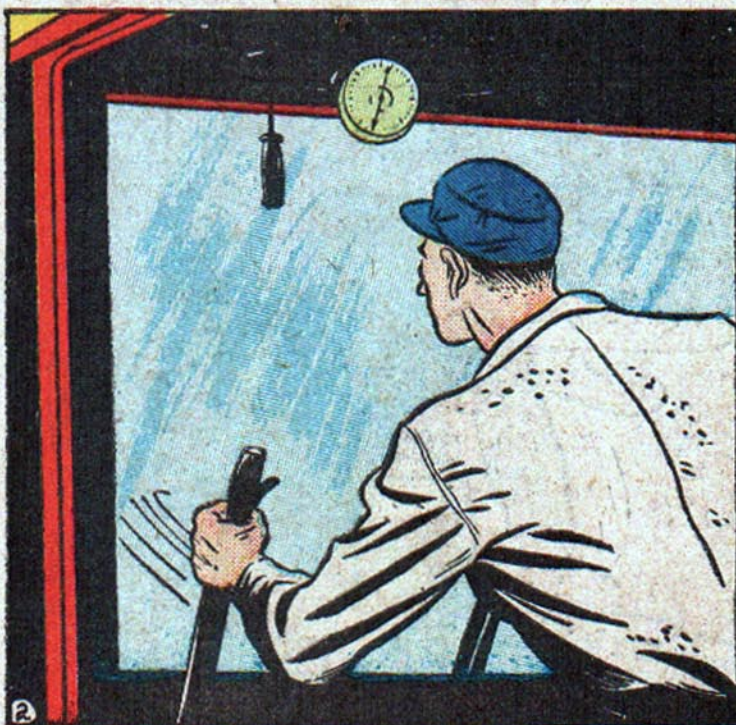
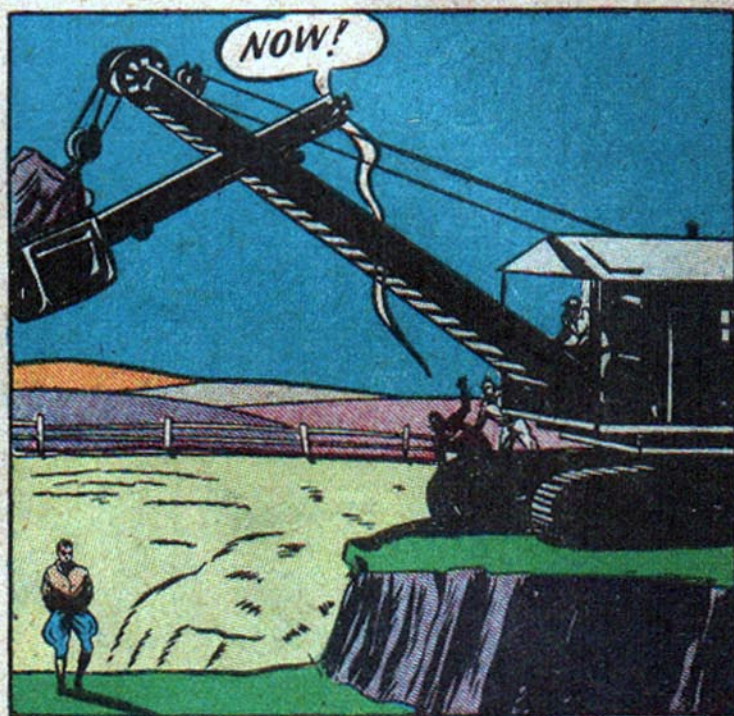


THE IRON SKULL



by Sam Gilman





"THE IRON SKULL CAN OVERCOME ANY FORCE, SO LONG AS HE MEETS THAT FORCE WITH A GREATER MOMENTUM!"



YE GODS! ~ AM I DREAMING??



QUICK! ~ INTO THE TANK!

WE'LL FIX HIM, THIS TIME!

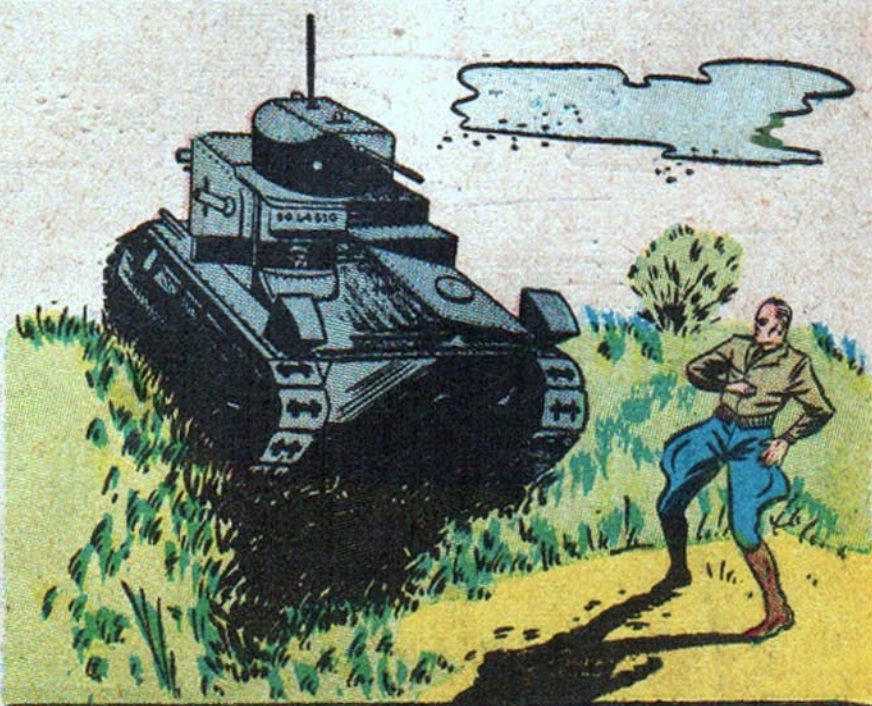


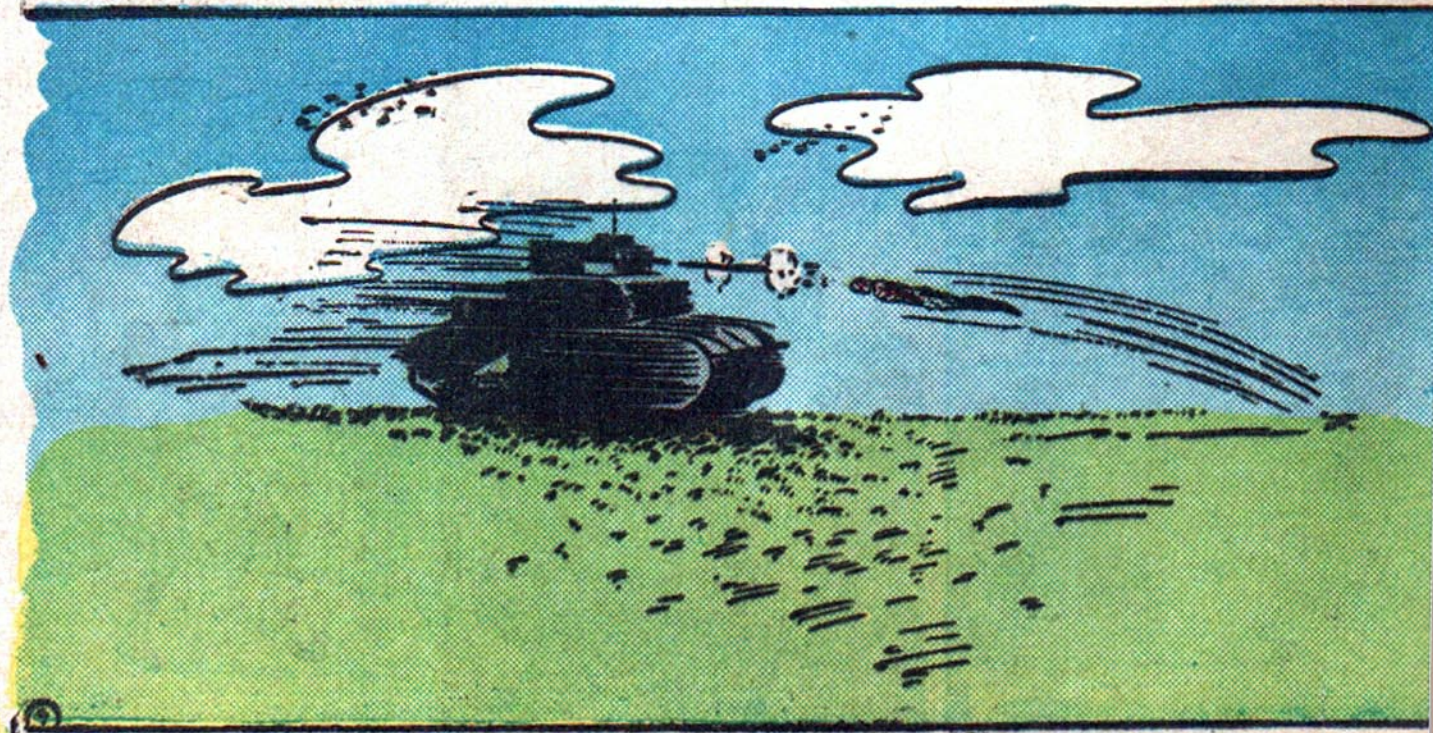
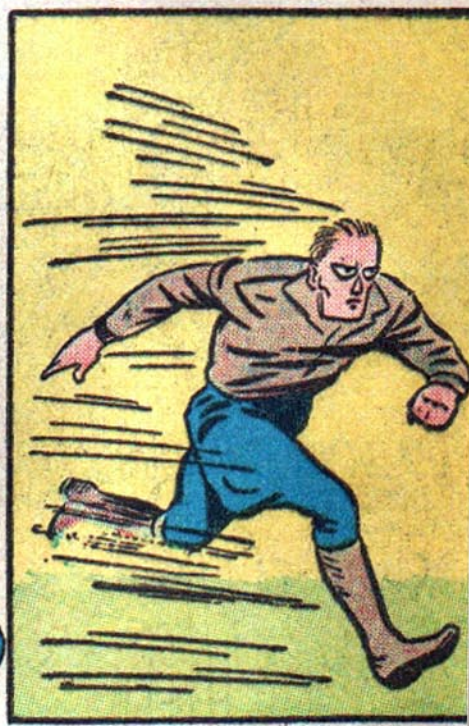
THAT WAS A CUTE LITTLE TRICK! ~ I WONDER WHERE THEY DISAPPEARED TO ???

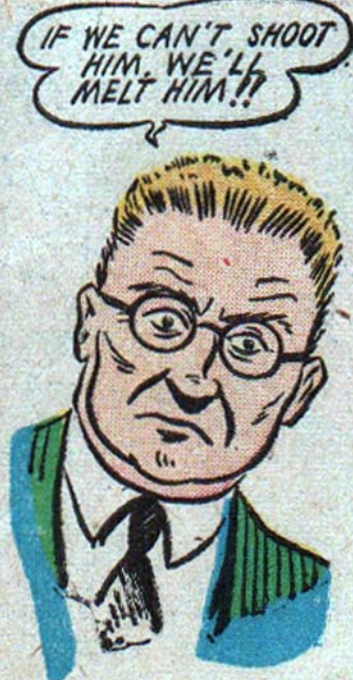
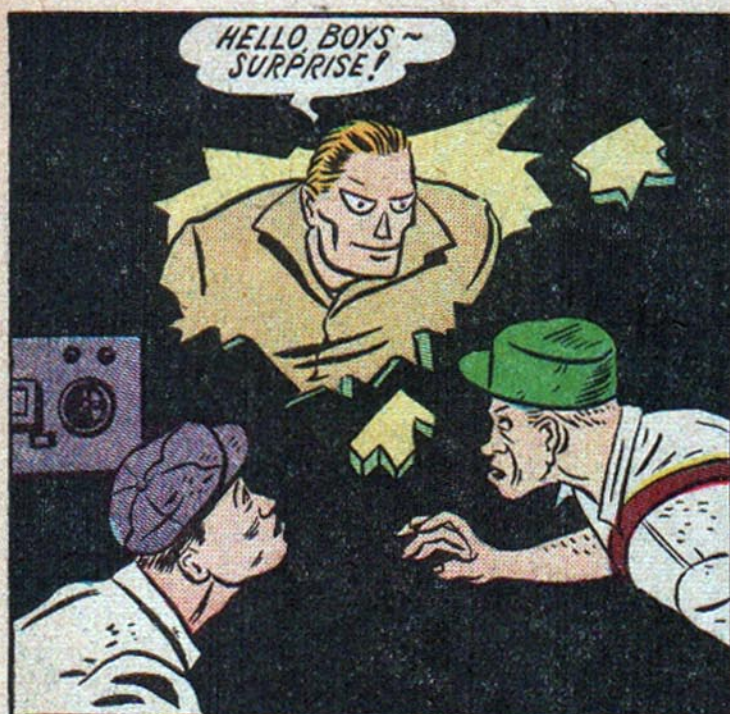


THERE HE IS NOW!!

OK!!... LET'S RUN HIM DOWN!









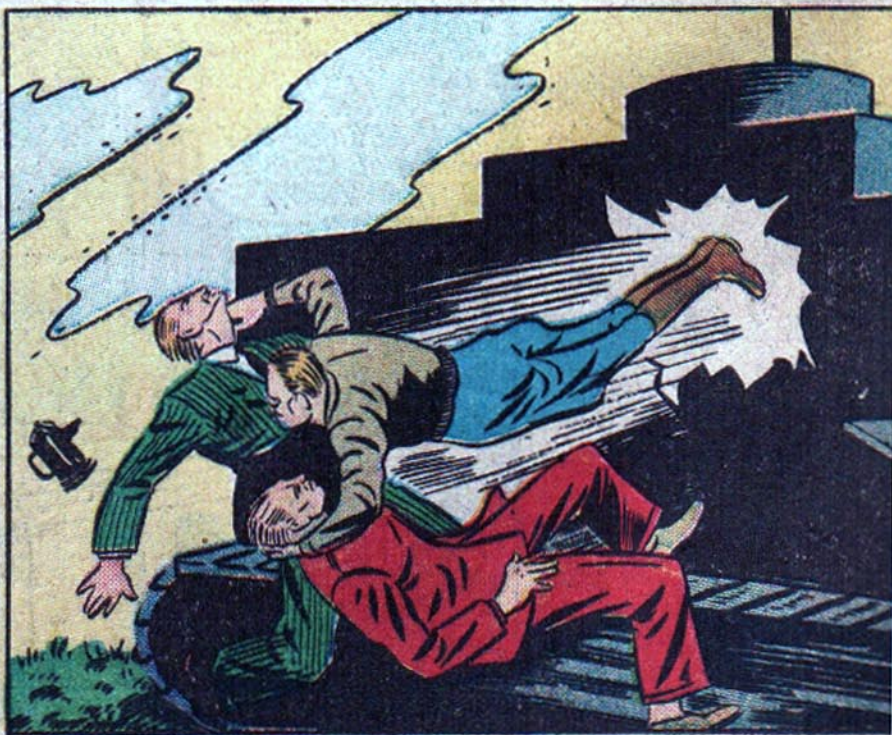
THERE - THAT'LL HOLD 'EM
FOR A WHILE! - GOSH
IT'S GETTING HOT
IN HERE!!



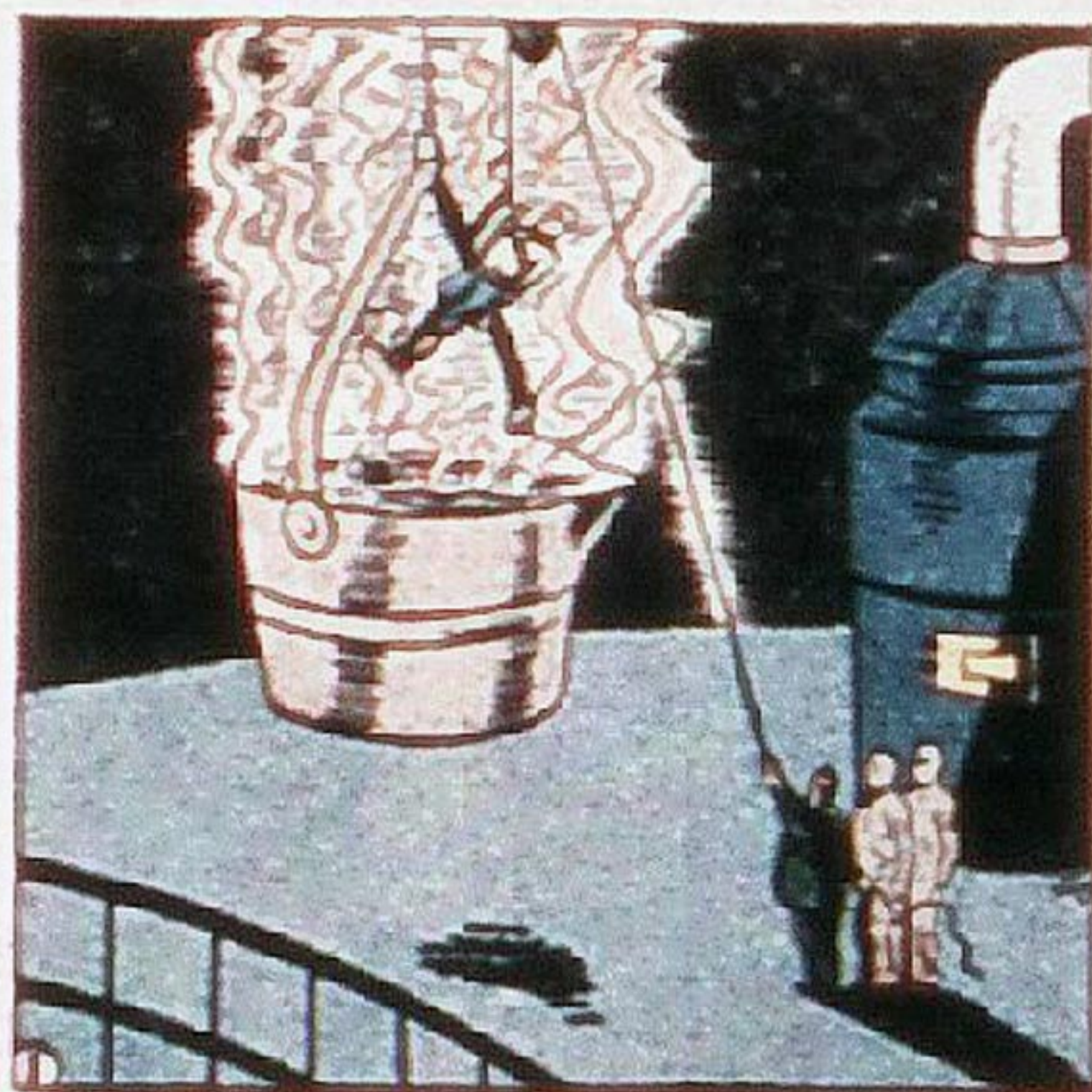
ALL RIGHT, BOYS - SHOOT
THE FLAMES IN THRU
ALL OPENINGS!!

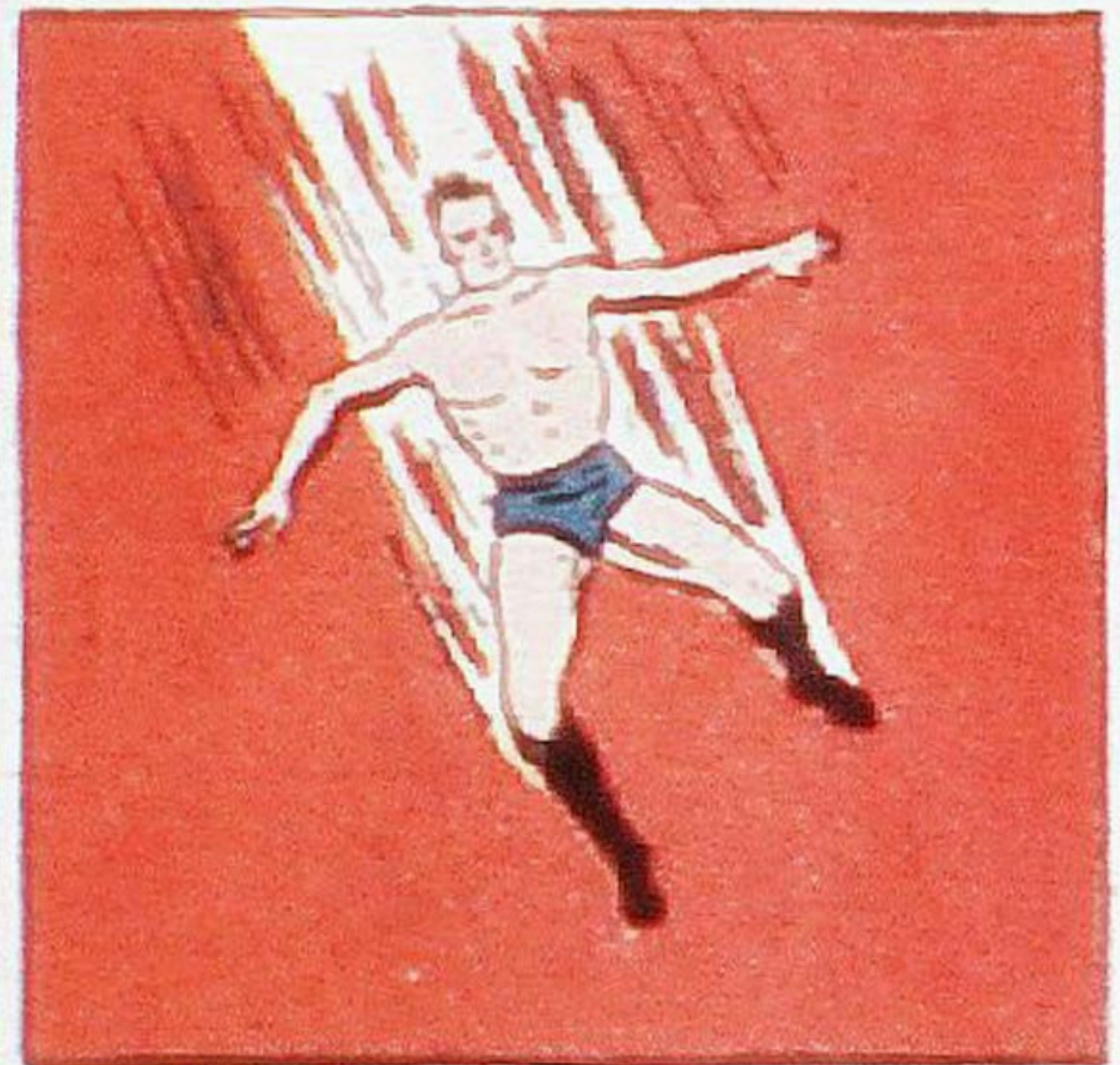


OH YEAH!









HELLO-D-AP... SEND A SQUAD OF MEN OVER TO THE SEELEY MUNITIONS PLANT. ...YEAH, AND THEY'D BETTER BRING ALONG SOME BIG SPONGES.... YES - I SAID SPONGES... IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MOP UP THIS GANG!!



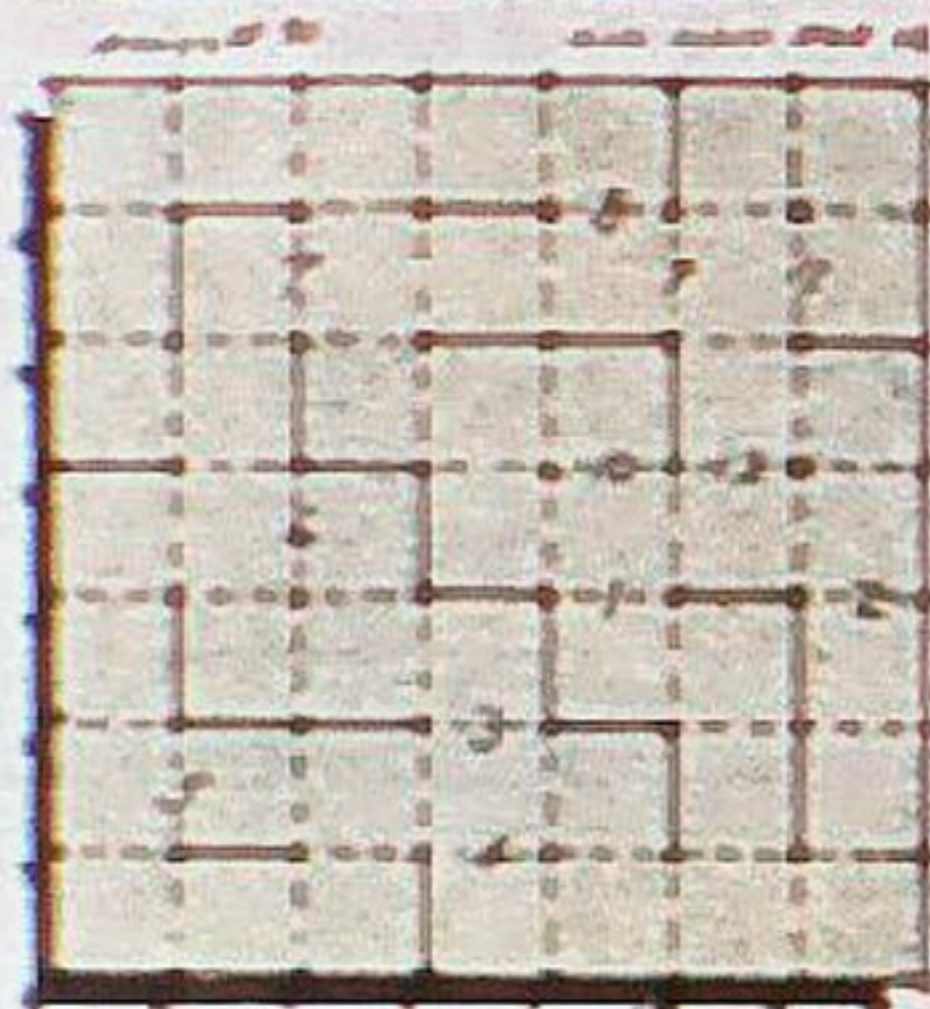
"PLAY SQUARE"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

By Stephen M. Elonka

HOW TO PLAY "PLAY SQUARE"

DRAW LINES BETWEEN DOTS TO COMPLETE THE 63 SQUARES. PLACE A NUMBER ON EACH LINE YOU DRAW THAT DOES NOT COMPLETE A SQUARE. LINES COMPLETING SQUARES ARE "FREE". THE OBJECT IS TO COMPLETE THIS PUZZLE IN PAR OR LESS.



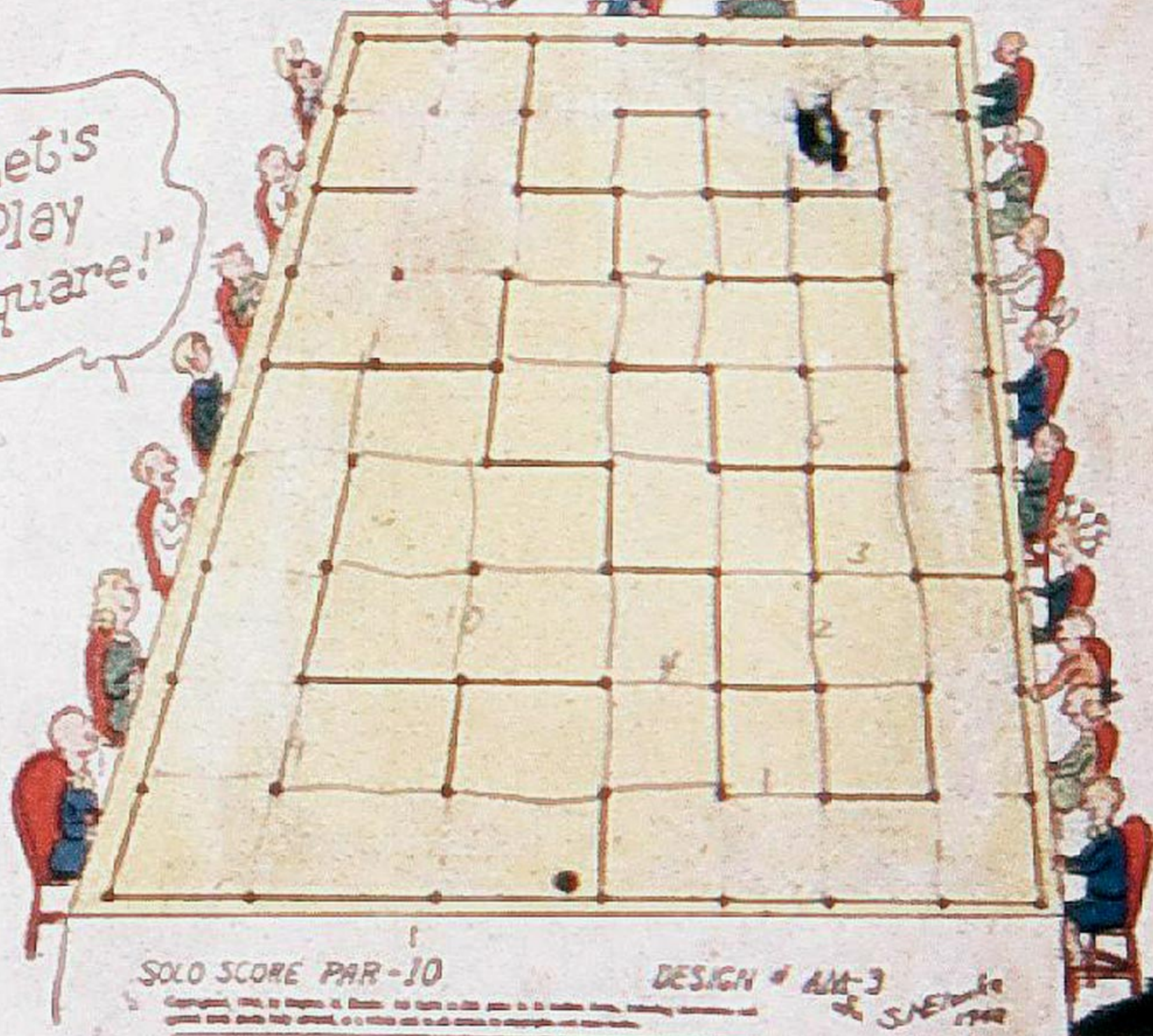
THIS GAME CAN BE WORKED IN 10. CAN YOU DO IT?

KEEP SCORE LIKE THIS

It's a swell game!

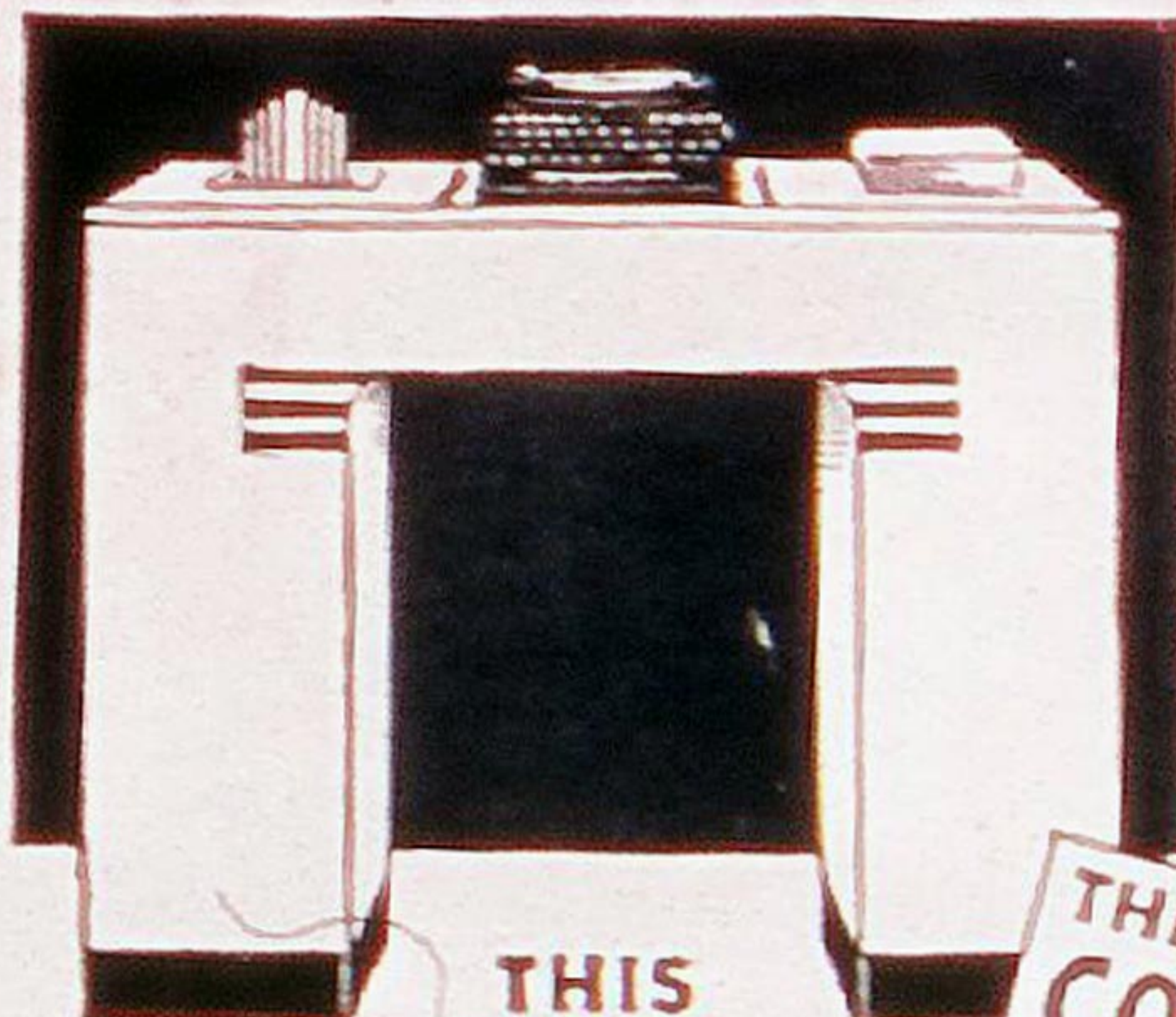
I can break par on this!

Let's "play Square!"



SOLO SCORE PAR-10

DESIGN # A11-3 & SNE 1942



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 1-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stop and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writing lines 8.5" wide; black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your cash with deposit at once. You take no risk.



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OFFER.

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445 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____



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FREE
CIRCULARS

**FACTORY-TO-YOU
at Factory Prices!**

**MEN
AND
BOYS!**

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Uses Paddle, Oars, Sail or Motor!

Each model in the "CK" KI-YAK series is convertible in 10 minutes from paddle boat to SAIL-BOAT complete with rudder, tiller, lee-boards, outrigger floats! The "OK" KI-YAKS are really 3 boats in one being immediately convertible into row-boat, sail-boat or motorboat using any outboard up to 9 h.p. or less! MEAD Ki-Yaks are the fastest boats for their weight whether you use wind, muscles or motor BECAUSE Mead Ki-Yaks are:

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Our entirely new and exclusive small-boat kit construction principle gives astonishing strength. Ribs can't break, rot, warp. And IMAGINE: CK-1 weighs only 20 lbs. ... CK-2 only 30 lbs. ... CK-3 only 45 lbs.! "OK-2" weighs only 50 lbs.! And OK-4 only 75 lbs.! Nothing else like them! MEAD KI-YAKS are unsurpassed. This is the kind of boat YOU have always wanted. NOW is a good time to start building yours from our quality, precision-cut KIT!

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Although you never built anything in your life, you **CAN** assemble a Mead Ki-Yak! We have numbered all items,—cut out the wood parts and our **PATENTED ALUMINUM** Ribs come ready-formed-to-correct-shape, ready to attach. Directions are clear and easy to follow. Your completed boat will be beautiful, seaworthy, strong—and **PORTABLE**!



THIS LIGHT, SEAWORTHY 50 POUND KI-YAK SEATS TWO—USES OARS, SAIL AND MOTOR 4 H.P. OR LESS. THOUSANDS ALREADY ASSEMBLED BY BOYS OF 10 YEARS UP TO GRANDFATHERS. YOU CAN DO IT TOO, OWN THE SNAPPIEST BOAT A FLOAT!



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THE FRAME IS THE HEART OF ANY BOAT

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GENUINE MEAD CK-1
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Amazing Man

20

FEB. 1941

COVER - Louis Ginzman^o +/or SAM?

MSC. PGS. AMAZING MAN Louis Ginzman^o 12 ✓

Dr. Hypno Frank Thomas* 7

MINIMIDGET John F. Kolb* 7

MIGHTY-MAN Martin Fitchcock* 4+

MSC. PGS. TEXT (AM) 2

Rock & Wayburn Douglas Grant^o 4

The Shark Louis Ginzman* 8

REEF KINKAD cf this w/ PREVIOUS! Bob Lubbers* 7

The Iron Skull

Sam Ginzman* 6+

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